January 28, 1933

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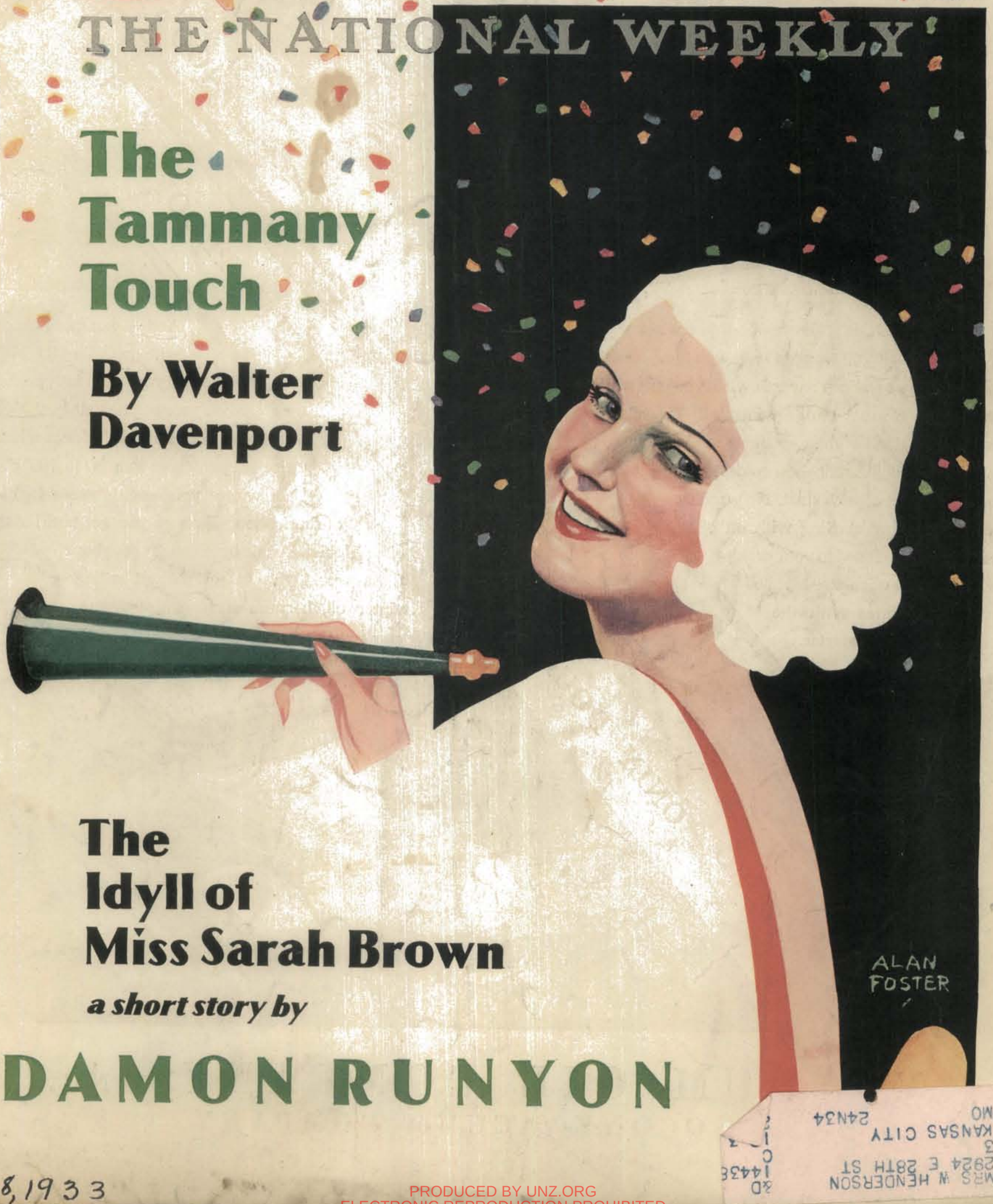
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Tammany Touch

By Walter Davenport



The Idyll of Miss Sarah Brown

a short story by

DAMON RUNYON

JAN. 28, 1933

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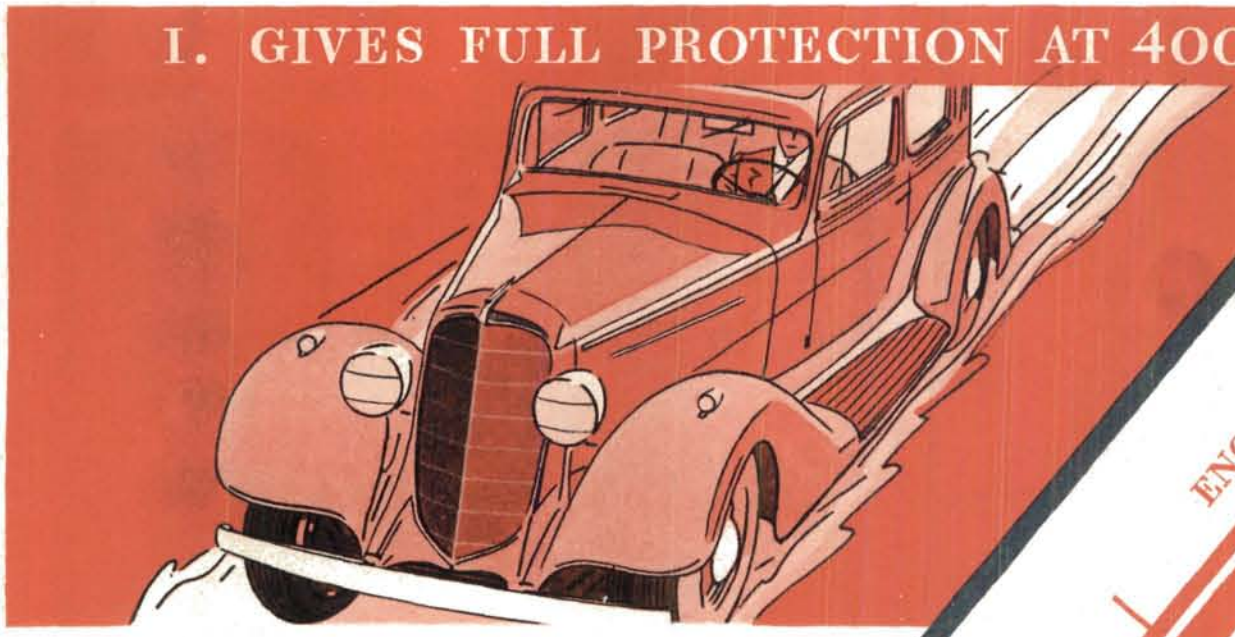
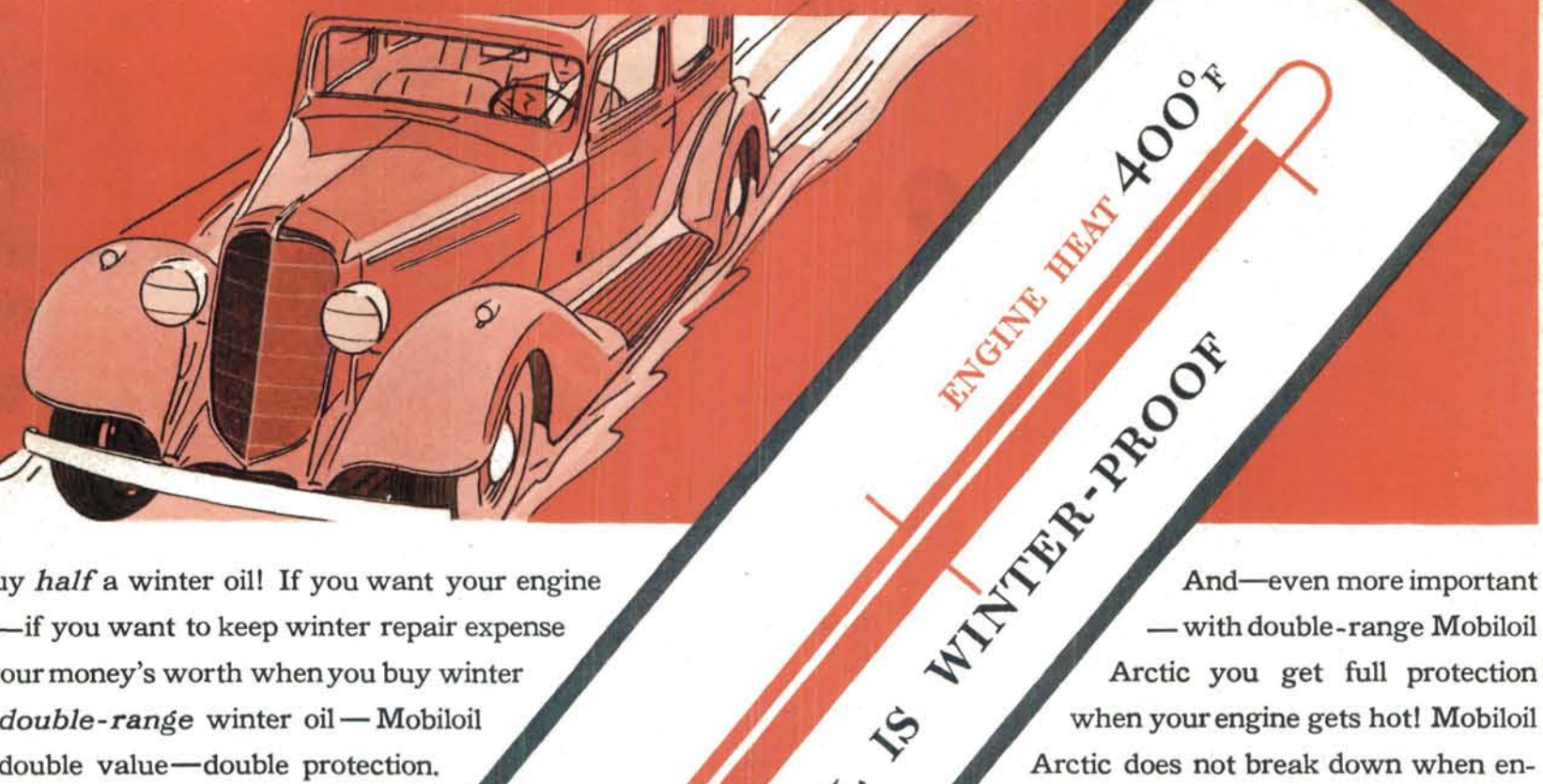
1. GIVES FULL PROTECTION AT 400°F.



DON'T buy *half* a winter oil! If you want your engine to last—if you want to keep winter repair expense down—get your money's worth when you buy winter oil. Get the *double-range* winter oil—Mobiloil Arctic. Get double value—double protection.

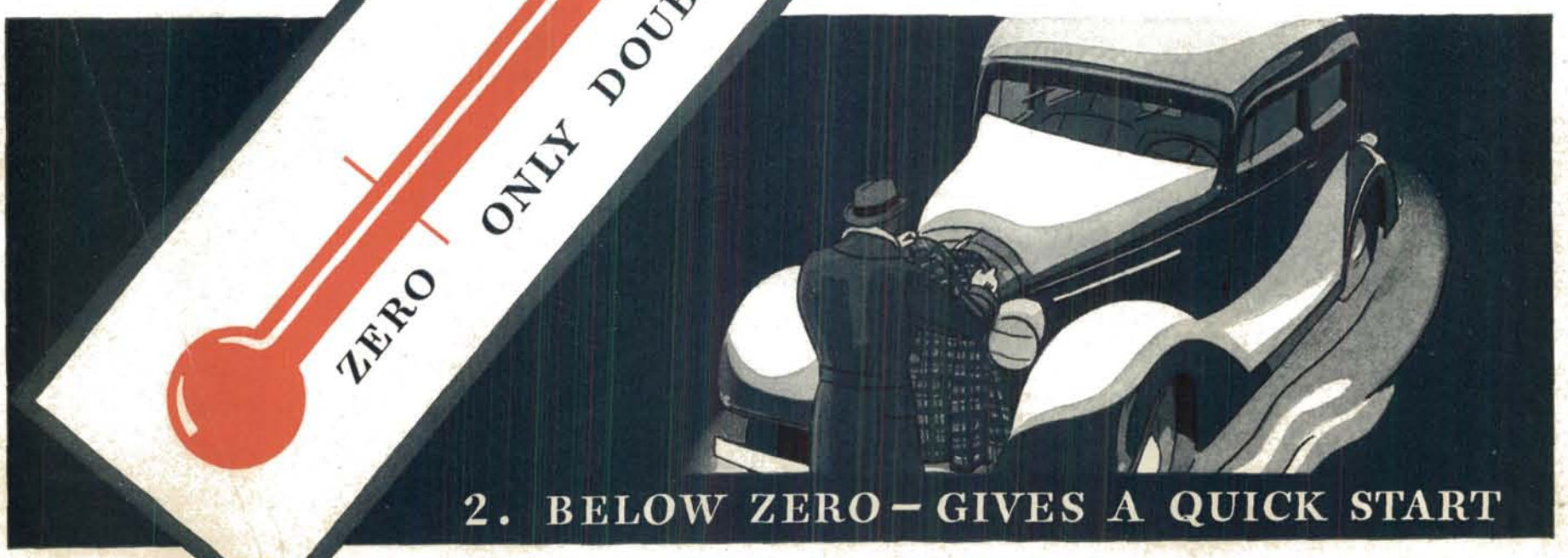
With Mobiloil Arctic—on coldest days—you always get a quick start. No grinding wear from slow starting with an oil that lies cold-stiffened in your crankcase and can't circulate. Mobiloil Arctic circulates with the first turn of your starter.



And—even more important—with double-range Mobiloil Arctic you get full protection when your engine gets hot! Mobiloil Arctic does not break down when engine temperatures soar up to 400° F.

In winter your engine needs two kinds of lubrication. Be sure you get both! Ask for Mobiloil Arctic by name. Throughout the world this is the largest-selling winter oil, because it is double-range.

For easy gear-shifting on cold days, Mobiloil "CW"



2. BELOW ZERO—GIVES A QUICK START

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

A SOCONY-VACUUM COMPANY

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Fight colds if you would guard against

SINUS TROUBLE

Listerine gargle kills germs in mouth

Tests have shown a reduction of bacteria on mouth surfaces as high as 99%

The racking pain . . . the months of misery . . . the serious operation . . . no indeed, you don't want sinus trouble. Many sinus infections begin with the common cold, an infection itself. The germs travel upward from the throat (where most colds begin), invading the tiny sinus passages.

What steps are you taking to fight colds this winter? Remember that not only sinusitis, but mastoid trouble and pneumonia are frequently traceable to colds.

Why not begin now to gargle at least twice a day with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste?

Listerine reduces colds

Tests, under careful supervision, have shown that those who gargled Listerine twice-a-day caught cold less often than those who did not gargle with it.

And mark this: When Listerine users did contract colds, the colds were less severe than those of non-users.

The cause of the average cold and simple sore throat is a germ, scientists now believe. Accompanying the cold in its development are various other germs—millions of them. They help to irritate the tissues—make the cold more severe.

When your throat is sore or you feel a cold coming on, gargle with Listerine every two hours. It often relieves the sore throat and checks the progress of the cold.

MOTHERS: *rinse hands with Listerine before preparing or serving baby's food. Listerine removes germs from hands.*

Bacterial reduction up to 99%

The moment full strength Listerine enters the mouth it kills millions of germs on the surfaces of the mucous membrane; tests have shown reductions of bacterial count ranging to 99%.

Gets results because safe

The results achieved by Listerine in checking colds and sore throat cannot be expected from ordinary mouth washes so harsh they irritate the mucous membrane. Listerine's success lies in the fact that while fatal to germs, it is at the same time safe to use; does not irritate the tissue.

Remember this factor of safety when buying a mouth wash. Ask for Listerine and *see that you get it.*

Keep the bottle handy, and to ward off colds, gargle every morning and every night. When you feel a cold coming on, increase the gargle to once every two hours, call your physician and abide by his instructions. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

AND IT CHECKS SORE THROAT

A new SALVE for CHEST COLDS LISTERINE RUB 25¢

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Next Week

"DON'T worry, honey," said the fortune teller; "what course the Fates have in their majesty and wisdom laid out for us, there's no getting away from."

That was small comfort to Sylvia. Someone tall and dark and formerly very close to her was going to die next Sunday. Jim Harper—she was absolutely sure of it. And so, although she loathed and despised Jim Harper, she decided to stand guard over him, beginning at twelve o'clock Saturday night.

She was so conscientious about it that, before the day was over, Jim knew to a certainty that she was a homicidal maniac intent on murdering him.

The hair-raising events and very satisfactory outcome are told by Alan Rinehart in a delightful love story called, appropriately, "Tall and Dark."

SOME DAY there may be a tablet on the walls of the railroad station at Lometa, Texas. If there is, it will be to commemorate the birth of Ma Ferguson as a political personage. She was absent at the time, the phenomenon taking place quite simply in the mind of her husband, Jim Ferguson. Jim was already an ex-governor and very much of a political personage, but he was unable to exercise his gifts officially, due to a slight misunderstanding with the state senate, which had resulted in his impeachment. And so Ma sprang forth, fully armed, from his resourceful brain. Now, for a second time, she is titular governor of Texas, and Jim, whose political career has been definitely ended a half-dozen times, is running the state. Owen P. White explains this device for "Keeping Texas in the Family."

AND for contrast to these modern battles of the tongue and ballot we invite you to medieval Spain to witness, in the company of Emma-Lindsay Squier, battles of more heroic proportions in which a nobleman wins "The Lion's Daughter."

JOHN B. KENNEDY will take you to the police "line-up" in New York City and show you the drama and terror behind the famous "Liars' Parade."

HARRIS DICKSON describes the exciting business of "Sharking for Profit." Don Marquis, Clinton W. Gilbert and Freling Foster offer diverse and stimulating entertainment. Roy Trent writes a Short Short Story in which the supertaut nerves of two racketeers reach the snapping point. Messrs. Oppenheim and Chamberlain once more justify their imperious demand for attention. You're in luck.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

This Week

January 28, 1933

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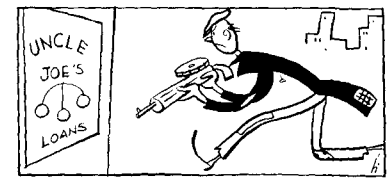
Any Week

"IN SIMPLE justice to current business conditions," writes Mr. Edward T. McNern of Chicago, "I wish to explain that Mayor Cermak's statement that he has broken the strangle hold the gangsters had on our fair city is not true. The depression did it. Most of the boys haven't the price to buy the gasoline to take a fellow for a ride or enough strength to go out and stick up a filling station."



ALSO it isn't true, according to Mrs. Julia B. Guertner of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, that Congressman McFadden of that state is unable to see good in anything President Hoover does. Just wait, she advises us, until March fourth and you will see Mr. McFadden leading the applause when Mr. Hoover rides down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the station.

A LADY in Greenwood, Mississippi, modestly shunning publicity, invites you to consider the following paragraph in the leading editorial of a new Negro newspaper being published in that gentle town: "It (this paper) is a mouthpiece, an instrument with a silent but a very clear tone that is heard only by the strength of sight."

"DID it ever occur to you," asks Mr. George Calhoun of Oakland, California, "that almost any system of government would work okay if the people did?"

AND Mrs. Cora H. Reginald of Liverpool, England, selects us for her medium through which to advise the United States to pay no attention to "the wailings and menacings from Europe." Having recently traveled in France, Germany and Belgium, Mrs. Reginald assures us that "the thing they fear most is that the United States will pay no attention to the trade embargoes they are trying to effect against America but will enter into sincere commercial relations with Russia. Between Russia and America, they would be in a nasty trap."

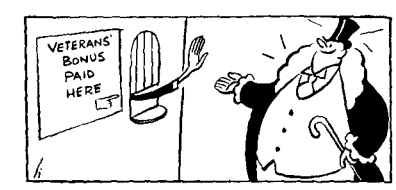
FOR the benefit of those who have been asking us where Rowland Thomas, author of Collier's prize story of long ago, "Fagan," is now, we have it from Mr. M. C. Blackman of Detroit and Mr. Fletcher Chenault of Little Rock, Arkansas, that Mr. Thomas is now writing editorials for the Arkansas Gazette in Little Rock.

"WHAT," demands Mr. Ogden Besterman of Omaha, Nebraska, "has become of all those fact-finding commissions Mr. Hoover turned loose? I saw a bunch of defeated-looking men hiking east the other day carrying American flags. I asked them where they were going and what they were going to do. They said: 'To Washington to have a word or two with the President.'"

FROM Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, comes a mildly indignant note to inform us that the father of Miss Lois Moran, the actress, was not Darlington as stated by Henry F. Pringle in his recent history of that winsome lady. Miss Moran's father, we are assured, was Mr. Roger Dowling, who, until an untimely death overtook him, bid fair to become one of America's very finest steel makers.

WHEN Mr. Paul Ingledew of Salida, Colorado, is not firing a locomotive on the good old Denver and Rio Grande Western, he is writing a column of philosophy for his home-town newspaper under the name of Tom Moonlight. He sends us a sample wherein he charges that our troubles are due to "the consolidation of industry, the centralization of capital and the general coveting of our resources, whereas true democracy is: Let the best man win."

FROM the Rev. Roberts Williams of Bordentown, N. J., himself a veteran, we receive a suggested amendment to our Federal veterans' compensation laws. Enacted, he believes, it would "end nine tenths of the glaring examples of graft and injustice." It's this: "No person receiving disability compensation or retirement pay of any character shall receive any of such compensation or pay while he earns in governmental or private employ more than four thousand dollars a year."



"HAVE those revenue raiders in Washington thought of charging a ten-cent admission fee to the Senate galleries?" asks Mr. Ben Lomax of Alexandria, Va. "If not, they're overlooking a swell bet. Especially with this new lot coming in."

"WELL, we've got that good five-cent cigar at last," cries Mr. J. F. Hawk of Petrolia, Pennsylvania. "But somehow I was happier smoking three for a half dollar."

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Good Inexpensive Food

EVEN when money is plentiful it is not an easy job to buy food and to plan meals for all the hungry members of one's family. When it is not plentiful, the problem becomes increasingly difficult.

To meet a nation-wide need, nutrition experts have prepared a new booklet which names the various foods that must be included in daily menus in order to have properly balanced meals. It tells how to buy the most for your money—and the best for your money.

Delicious, nourishing food is not necessarily expensive. But it takes thought to plan economical meals which provide pleasant variety from day to day.

With the help of this booklet, you can plan meals which not only will maintain health and strength, but also will please the appetite. You can have the advice of food experts. They will tell you which foods are of first importance—how much milk, what amounts of vegetables, fruits, bread and cereals are desirable, and what proportion of meat, eggs, fish, fats and sugars should be added to the menus.

It has been demonstrated that, both in the cities and in rural districts, food for every member of the family for an entire week—twenty-one meals—can be bought at a cost of about $2.00 for each member.

In the booklet "Three Meals a Day" are described appetizing and nourishing menus for breakfast, lunch and dinner for seven days at a cost of only $6.00 for three persons. Additional menus are suggested at slightly higher costs. The booklet includes market orders specifying the exact amounts of food to buy for these menus.

You are cordially invited to send for your free copy of "Three Meals a Day." Address Booklet Department 233-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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Please send me your free booklet, "Three Meals a Day."

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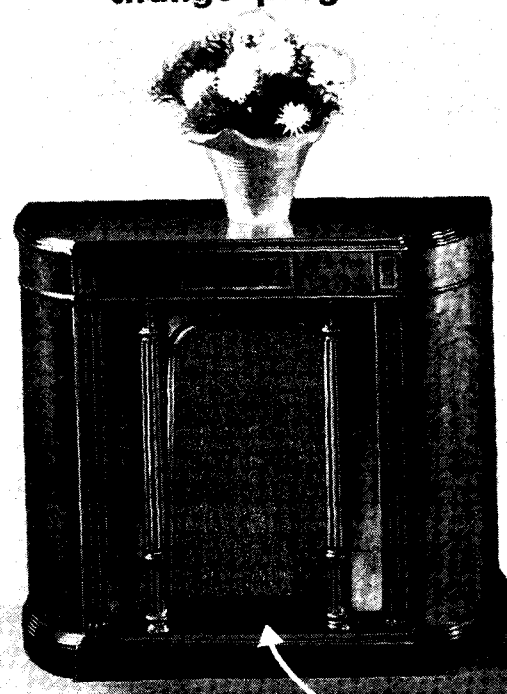
New! Different!

PHILCO LAZY-X

The easiest, laziest way to listen in. Relax, enjoy and change programs without moving from your chair.



Sink deep into your most comfortable chair. A radio of glorious tone begins playing softly across the room.

Would you prefer it slightly louder? A touch of your finger and the full volume of the orchestra sweeps into the room. As the program ends —tune in another station if you wish—adjust the volume—control the tone—all without stirring a foot or moving from your chair.

That's Lazy-X convenience—made possible by PHILCO Perfected Remote Control! All the glorious beauty of PHILCO tone—the tone quality only the Patented Inclined Sounding Board makes possible—comes to you at its best from the separate Sound Cabinet across the room. But the controls are in a Queen Anne Table Cabinet right beside your chair!

With Lazy-X convenience you use radio much more than you ever did before. You listen to a far greater variety of programs — because changing stations is so easy, so simple, and all the controls are right beside your chair!

Almost automatically Lazy-X doubles the number of stations you hear and enjoy—by doubling the ease with which you change the dial setting. A whole new world of radio entertainment is opened up for you and your family!

Lazy-X is as attractive in appearance as it is pre-eminent in performance. Both the Sound Cabinet and Control Cabinet are of hand-rubbed walnut with satin wood inlay. As an extra touch of convenience, an electrical outlet for attaching a floor lamp or table lamp is provided in the Control Cabinet.

PHILCO offers the great new Lazy-X in two models—the superb 14LZX at $150 and the smaller 19LZX at $100 for those who do not require quite so much power and distance. The height of radio luxury at less than half the previous cost of remote control!

See Lazy-X at the nearest PHILCO dealer's. Hear it. Buy it. Relax and enjoy the last word in radio performance and convenience.

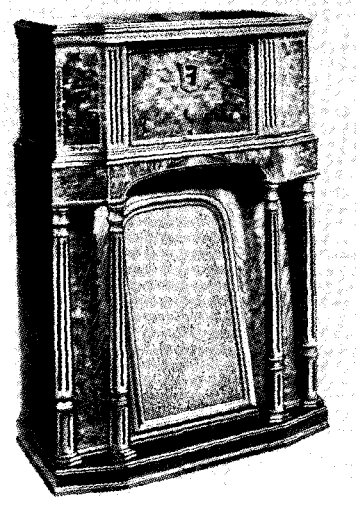
PHILCO · PHILADELPHIA · TORONTO · LONDON

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

Sound Cabinet

GLORIOUS TONE HERE

TUNE HERE



The glorious tone of the PHILCO Lazy-X Models is available also in conventional models

15DX	$250	91X	
23X Radio Phonograph	$195	43X All Wave	
15X (Illustrated)	$150	47X Direct Current	$100
		71X	$ 80

Federal Tax Paid

The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board
(Patented)

The Inclined Sounding Board preserves for you the sparkle and brilliance of the original performance. Brilliance lies in the high notes. High notes travel in a straight line like a beam of light. Inclining the sounding board throws them up to your ears. Otherwise some of them would travel along the floor, never spread up to your ears, and you would receive something less brilliant than the original.

The large size of the Sounding Board brings you the low notes. Low notes spread out easily and it is not necessary to incline the sounding board to bring them up to your ears. But without inclining the sounding board, you would get a preponderance of lows and the reception would tend to sound "boomy"

$18.75 to $250

FEDERAL TAX PAID

A musical instrument of quality

After a couple of ganders at this young doll, The Sky is a goner

The Idyll of Miss Sarah Brown

By Damon Runyon

A Broadway romance that is by no means an ordinary proposition, although some citizens will tell you that life is frequently like this. And, for all we know, they may be right

OF ALL the high players this country ever sees, there is no doubt but that the guy they call The Sky is the highest. In fact, the reason he is called The Sky is because he goes so high when it comes to betting on any proposition whatever. He will bet all he has, and nobody can bet any more than this.

His right name is Obadiah Masterson, and he is originally out of a little town in southern Colorado where he learns to shoot craps, and play cards, and one thing and another, and where his old man is a very well-known citizen, and something of a sport himself. In fact, The Sky tells me that when he finally cleans up all the loose scratch around his home town and decides he needs more room, his old man has a little private talk with him and says to him like this:

"Son," the old guy says, "you are now going out into the wide, wide world to make your own way, and it is a very good thing to do, as there are no more opportunities for you in this burg. I am only sorry," he says, "that I am not able to bank-roll you to a very large start, but," he says, "not having any potatoes to give you, I am now going to stake you to some very valuable advice, which I personally collect in my years of experience around and about, and I hope and trust you will always bear this advice in mind.

"Son," the old guy says, "no matter how far you travel, or how smart you get, always remember this: Some day, somewhere," he says, "a guy is going to come to you and show you a nice brand-new deck of cards on which the seal is never broken, and this guy is going to offer to bet you that the jack of spades will jump out of this deck and squirt cider in your ear. But, son," the old guy says, "do not bet him, for as sure as you do you are going to get an ear full of cider."

Well, The Sky remembers what his old man says, and he is always very cautious about betting on such propositions as the jack of spades jumping out of a sealed deck of cards and squirting cider in his ear, and so he makes few mistakes as he goes along. In fact, the only real mistake The Sky makes is when he hits St. Louis after leaving his old home town, and loses all his potatoes betting a guy St. Louis is the biggest town in the world.

NOW of course this is before The Sky ever sees any bigger towns, and he is never much of a hand for reading up on matters such as this. In fact, the only reading The Sky ever does as he goes along through life is in these Gideon Bibles such as he finds in the hotel rooms where he lives, for The Sky never lives anywhere else but in hotel rooms for years.

He tells me that he reads many items of great interest in these Gideon Bibles, and furthermore The Sky says that several times these Gideon Bibles keep him from getting out of line, such as the time he finds himself pretty much frozen-in over in Cincinnati, what with owing everybody in town except maybe the mayor from playing games of chance of one kind and another.

Well, The Sky says he sees no way of meeting these obligations and he is figuring the only thing he can do is to take a run-out powder, when he happens to read in one of these Gideon Bibles where it says like this:

"Better is it," the Gideon Bible says, "that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay."

Well, The Sky says he can see that there is no doubt whatever but that this means a guy shall not welsh, so he remains in Cincinnati until he manages to wiggle himself out of the situation, and from that day to this, The Sky never thinks of welshing.

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Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"I know something about gambling," Miss Sarah Brown says, "especially about crap games. If you wish to gamble for souls, Mister Sky, gamble for your own soul"

He is maybe thirty years old, and is a tall guy with a round kisser, and big blue eyes, and he always looks as innocent as a little baby. But The Sky is by no means as innocent as he looks. In fact, The Sky is smarter than three Philadelphia lawyers, which makes him very smart, indeed, and he is well established as a high player in New Orleans, and Chicago, and Los Angeles, and wherever else there is any action in the way of card-playing, or crap-shooting, or horse-racing, or betting on the baseball games, for The Sky is always moving around the country following the action.

BUT while The Sky will bet on anything whatever, he is more of a short-card player and a crap shooter than anything else, and furthermore he is a great hand for propositions, such as are always coming up among citizens who follow games of chance for a living. Many citizens prefer betting on propositions to anything you can think of, because they figure a proposition gives them a chance to out-smart somebody, and in fact I know citizens who will sit up all night making up propositions to offer other citizens the next day.

A proposition may be only a problem in cards, such as what is the price against a guy getting aces back-to-back, or how often a pair of deuces will win a hand in stud, and then again it may be some very daffy proposition, indeed, although the daffier any proposition seems to be, the more some citizens like it. And no one ever sees The Sky when he does not have some proposition of his own.

The first time he ever shows up around this town, he goes to a baseball game at the Polo Grounds with several prominent citizens, and while he is at the ball game, he buys himself a sack of Harry Stevens' peanuts, which he dumps in a side pocket of his coat. He is eating these peanuts all through the game, and after the game is over and he is walking across the field with the citizens, he says to them like this:

"What price," The Sky says, "I cannot throw a peanut from second base to the home plate?"

Well, everybody knows that a peanut is too light for anybody to throw it this far, so Big Nig, the crap shooter, who always likes to have a little the best of it running for him, speaks as follows:

"You can have 3 to 1 from me, stranger," Big Nig says.

"Two C's against six," The Sky says, and then he stands on second base, and takes a peanut out of his pocket, and not only whips it to the home plate, but on into the lap of a fat guy who is still sitting in the grand stand putting the zing on Bill Terry for not taking Walker out of the box when Walker is getting a pasting from the other club.

Well, naturally, this is a most astonishing throw, indeed, but afterwards it comes out that The Sky throws a peanut loaded with lead, and of course it is not one of Harry Stevens' peanuts, either, as Harry is not selling peanuts full of lead at a dime a bag, with the price of lead what it is.

IT IS only a few nights after this that The Sky states another most unusual proposition to a group of citizens sitting in Mindy's restaurant when he offers to bet a C note that he can go down into Mindy's cellar and catch a live rat with his bare hands, and everybody is greatly astonished when Mindy himself steps up and takes the bet, for ordinarily Mindy will not bet you a nickel he is alive.

But it seems that Mindy knows that The Sky plants a tame rat in the cellar, and this rat knows The Sky and loves him dearly, and will let him catch it any time he wishes, and it also seems that Mindy knows that one of his dish washers happens upon this rat, and not knowing it is tame, knocks it flatter than a pancake. So when The Sky goes down into the cellar and starts trying to catch a rat with his bare hands, he is greatly surprised how inhospitable the rat turns out to be, because it is one of Mindy's personal rats, and Mindy is around afterwards saying he will lay plenty of 7 to 5 against even Strangler Lewis being able to catch one of his rats with his bare hands, or with boxing gloves on.

I am only telling you all this to show you what a smart guy The Sky is, and I am only sorry I do not have time to tell you about many other very remarkable propositions that he thinks up outside of his regular business.

It is well-known to one and all that he is very honest in every respect, and that he hates and despises cheaters at cards, or dice, and furthermore The Sky never wishes to play with any the best of it himself, or anyway not much. He will never take the inside of any situation, as many gamblers love to do, such as owning a gambling house, and having the percentage run for him instead of against him, for always The Sky is strictly a player, because he says he will never care to settle down in one spot long enough to become the owner of anything.

In fact, in all the years The Sky is drifting around the country, nobody ever knows him to own anything except maybe a bank roll, and when he comes to Broadway the last time, which is the time I am now speaking of, he has a hundred G's in cash money, and an extra suit of clothes, and this is all he has in the world. He never owns such a thing as a house, or an automobile, or a piece of jewelry. He never owns a watch, because The Sky says time means nothing to him.

OF COURSE some guys will figure a hundred G's comes under the head of owning something, but as far as The Sky is concerned, money is nothing but just something for him to play with and the dollars may as well be doughnuts as far as value goes with him. The only time The Sky ever thinks of money as money is when he is broke, and the only way he can tell he is broke is when he reaches into his pocket and finds nothing there but his fingers.

Then it is necessary for The Sky to go out and dig up some fresh scratch somewhere, and when it comes to digging up scratch, The Sky is practically supernatural. He can get more potatoes on the strength of a telegram to some place or other than John D. Rockefeller can get on collateral, for everybody knows The Sky's word is as good as wheat in the bin.

Now one Sunday evening The Sky is walking along Broadway, and at the corner of Forty-ninth Street he comes upon a little bunch of mission workers who are holding a religious meeting, such as mission workers love to do of a Sunday evening, the idea being that they may round up a few sinners here and there, although personally I always

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Cash Crops up Again

By Clinton W. Gilbert

IF ANYONE doubts that this depression is going to force a profound departure from American traditions, to be followed by profound changes in American economics and politics, let him look with his eyes open at the probability that before this year has passed Congress will have voted a bounty to the American farmers. At least the bounty is intended, in its final form, for those farmers producing the leading agricultural commodities in this country—wheat, cotton, corn, hogs and tobacco.

This is not an argument against the domestic allotment plan, to which the Democratic party is apparently committed. The country cannot revive economically unless the purchasing power of the farmers and those who depend upon the farmers is restored. And to give a bounty to the farmers is, it seems after a good deal of discussion and some experimenting, the most promising way of reviving prosperity on the farms, which may in turn revive prosperity in industry.

When Mr. Hoover came into office four years ago he was pledged to call a special session of Congress to extend the "benefits of the tariff" to the farmers. His special commission raised the tariff rates on farm products generally as it did on almost every other commodity produced in this country. The farmers, except raisers of some minor specialty crops, got no advantage from these new higher rates. They produced a surplus. There was no market for this surplus abroad.

The surplus thus hung over the domestic market to such an extent that the prices received for some important crops were at times lower than the tariff rates upon them. That is to say, instead of wheat being—to use wheat as an illustration—the world price, plus forty-two cents a bushel, the tariff rate on it, wheat actually sold on the farms for much less than forty-two cents a bushel.

The Farm Board, created by Mr. Hoover, tried to deal with the problem by buying up the surplus. But the Farm Board could not find anything to do with the surplus. The surplus, in its control, hung over the domestic market almost as heavily as it would have if it had been in private ownership in grain elevators and storage houses.

Now, by a curious irony of politics, it is not the Republicans, the proponents of the tariff, but the Democrats, its opponents, who are going to give the farmers "the benefits of the tariff."

For the Democrats now propose that the government shall pay to farmers raising certain major crops the amount of the tariff. The government will pay this only on that portion of the crop consumed domestically. For this part of the crop the farmer will get the world price, in the open market, plus, from the government, an amount equal to the tariff upon that product. Thus wheat would bring the world price plus forty-two cents a bushel, with some deduction for the cost of administration.

Making the Middleman Pay

It is the tariff with a reverse English. Instead of collecting it on articles received from abroad and using it as revenue, the government will collect it from the domestic consumer and pay it to the domestic producer.

Acreage is to be limited by agreement and an attempt made to keep production within bounds, so that the bounty will not stimulate the growing of larger and larger surpluses. The system is complicated and would take a page or two to describe in detail. So I shall endeavor to make it clear only in its most general aspects, taking wheat as an example and ignoring for the present cotton, hogs, tobacco and whatever other products the political influence of the farmer may add to the program.

Briefly, the farmers shall agree to plant a limited acreage, the average over a certain period, or 10 per cent less than that average. Further, 10 per cent reductions may be made each year as experience with surpluses is gained.

To the farmer submitting to the plan a certain acreage is allotted, determined by his average over a period of years, or 10 per cent less. On the portion of a wheat crop to be used domestically—perhaps 60 or 80 per cent—he is to receive tariff benefits at the rate of forty-two cents a bushel minus costs of administration—perhaps two cents. He receives an allotment certificate for each bushel of his share of the domestic consumption, and on presentation of this certificate the government sends him a check at the rate of perhaps forty cents a bushel.

For the rest of his crop, his part of the surplus production, he will receive, if he can sell it, the world price. That is to say, the farmer who is allotted acreage that will produce two thousand bushels will receive allotment certificates on, say, 1,200 or 1,600 bushels, his share of the domestic production. After he has sold this quantity in the open market he will be paid by the government an additional sum equal to about forty cents a bushel on the 1,200 or 1,600 bushels.

But where does the government get the money to pay forty cents, or forty-two cents when expenses are included? The answer is quite simple: The government lays an excise tax upon the processors of the product—the millers—of forty-two cents a bushel. This amount—the tariff rate—is levied on every bushel turned into flour or breakfast cereal and sold for domestic use.

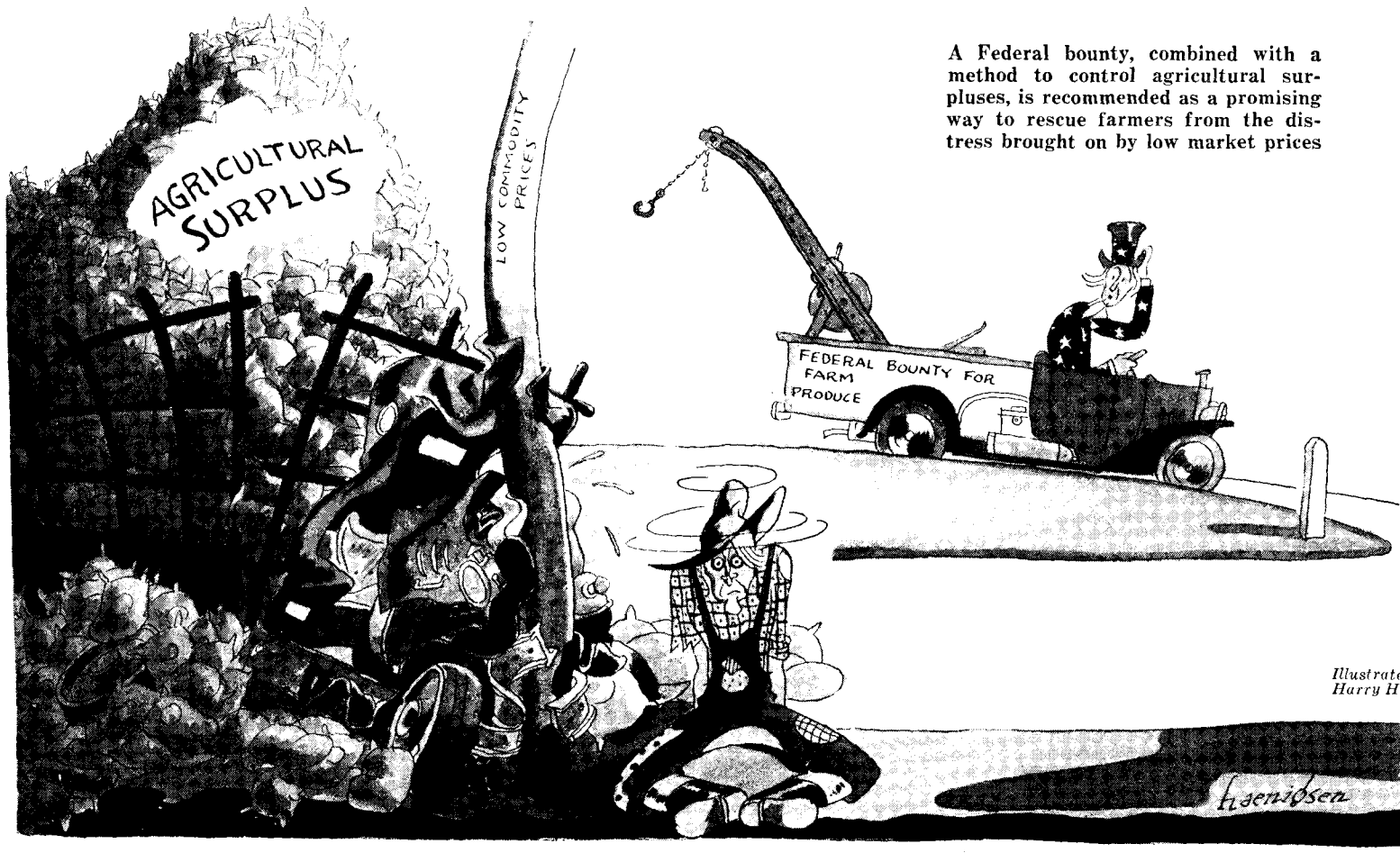
The miller pays the government forty-two cents a bushel on the wheat processed for domestic use. The government pays the forty-two cents, minus costs, to the farmer for that part of his crop used domestically, on certificate that he has accepted and lived up to his allotment. Thus the two-thousand-bushel wheat farmer we have mentioned receives from the Farm Board in Washington a check for $480, if his allotment is 1,200 bushels, or $640 if it is 1,600 bushels. He has already received the open-market price for it. Whatever you may call it, the $480 or $640 is a bonus.

A Wise Political Move

Of course the question immediately arises whether an excise to collect money from one class of citizens for the benefit of another class of citizens is permitted by the Federal Constitution, the government being generally confined in its taxing powers to raising money for its own expenses. But the government has used the taxpayers' money to aid sufferers from droughts, famines and floods. And we may perhaps assume that in an emergency such as exists today the Supreme Court will find that the proposed excise is within the powers of the government.

Obviously if the domestic allotment plan is enacted into law by Congress, as it will be either in this session or the next, the Democrats will have found a way of tying the West to their party. The Republicans have been caught napping. Bounties on cotton and tobacco go only to the Democrats' own supporters, but bounties on wheat and hogs go to former Republicans who will be likely to show their gratitude for long years to come.

The political and economic consequences of the domestic allotment plan are so remarkable that I intend to examine them further next week.



A Federal bounty, combined with a method to control agricultural surpluses, is recommended as a promising way to rescue farmers from the distress brought on by low market prices

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

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She came from Bubastis. And if you've never owned a holy cat you'll want to know how they behave. Mr. Weigall, late Inspector-General of Antiquities in Egypt, tells you

Home Life of a Holy Cat

By Arthur Weigall

Illustrated by Lawson Wood

He finally trod on Basta, who completed his frenzy by digging her claws into his leg

ONE summer during a heat wave, when the temperature in the shade of my veranda in Luxor was a hundred and twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit, I went down to cooler Lower Egypt to pay a visit to an English friend of mine stationed at Zagazig, the native city which stands beside the ruins of ancient Bubastis.

He was about to leave Egypt, and asked me whether I would like to have his cat, a dignified, mystical-minded, long-legged, small-headed, green-eyed female, whose orange-yellow hair, marked with grayish-black stripes in tabby pattern, was so short that she gave the impression of being naked—an impression, however, which did not in any way detract from her air of virginal chastity.

Her name was Basta, and though her more recent ancestors had lived wild amongst the ruins, she was so obviously a descendant of the holy cats of ancient times, who were incarnations of the goddess Basta, that I thought it only right to accept the offer and take her up to Luxor to live with me. To be the expert in charge of Egyptian antiquities and not have an ancient Egyptian cat to give an air of mystery to my headquarters had, indeed, always seemed to me to be somewhat wanting in showmanship on my part.

Thus it came about that on my departure I drove off to the railroad station with the usually dignified Basta bumping around and uttering unearthly howls inside a cardboard hatbox, in the side of which I had cut a small round hole for ventilation. The people in the streets and on the station platform seemed to be under the impression that the noises were digestive and that I was in dire need of a doctor; and it was a great relief to my embarrassment when the hot and panting train steamed into Luxor.

A Badly Behaved Goddess

Fortunately I found myself alone in the compartment, and the hatbox on the seat at my side had begun to cause me less anxiety, when suddenly Basta was seized with a sort of religious frenzy. The box rocked about, and presently out through the air-hole came a long, snake-like paw which waved weirdly to and fro in space for a moment, and then was withdrawn, its place being taken by a pink nose which pushed itself outward with such frantic force that the sides of the hole gave way, and out burst the entire sandy, sacred head.

The owl shot down and Basta leaped. There was a collision and a wild scuffle

She then began to choke, for the cardboard was pressing tightly around her neck; and to save her from strangulation I was obliged to tear the aperture open, whereupon she wriggled out, leaped in divine frenzy up the side of the carriage, and prostrated herself on the network of the baggage rack, where her hysteria caused her to lose all control of her internal arrangements, and if I say modestly that she was overcome with nausea I shall be telling but a part of the dreadful tale.

The rest of the journey was like a bad dream; but at the Cairo terminus, where I had to change into the night express for Luxor, I got the help of a native policeman who secured a large laundry basket from the sleeping-car department, and after a prolonged struggle, during which the train was shunted into a distant siding, we imprisoned the struggling Basta again.

The perspiring policeman and I then carried the basket at a run along the tracks back to the station in the sweltering heat of the late afternoon, and I just managed to catch my train; but during this second part of my journey Basta traveled in the baggage van, whence, in the hot and silent night, whenever we were at a standstill, her appalling incantations came drifting to my ears.

I opened the basket in an unfurnished spare room in my house, and like a flash Basta was up the bare wall and onto the curtain pole above the window. There she remained all day, in a sort of mystic trance; but at sunset the saucer of milk and plate of fish which I had provided for her at last enticed her down, and in the end she reconciled herself to her new surroundings, and indicated by her behavior that she was willing to accept my house as her earthly temple.

With Pedro, my pariah dog, there was not the slightest trouble; he had no strong feelings about cats, and she on her part graciously deigned to acknowledge his status—as, I believe, is generally the case in native households. She sometimes condescended to visit my horse and donkey in their stalls; and for Laura, my camel, she quickly developed a real regard, often sleeping for hours in her stable.

I was not worried as to how she would treat the chickens and pigeons, because her former owner at Zagazig had insisted upon her respecting his hen-coop and pigeon-cote; but I was a little anxious about the ducks, for she had not previously known any, and in ancient times her ancestors used to be trained to hunt wild geese and ducks and were fed with *pâté de foie gras*, or whatever it was called then, on holy days and anniversaries.

Basta was always fascinated by this slide and used to sit and watch it all for hours

In a corner of the garden I had made a miniature duck pond which was sunk rather deeply in the ground and down to which I had cut a narrow, steeply sloping passage, or gangway. During the day, after the ducks had been up and down this slope several times, the surface used to become wet and slippery, and the ducks having waddled down the first few inches, were forced to toboggan down the rest of it on their tails, with their two feet sticking out in front of them and their heads well up.

Basta was always fascinated by this

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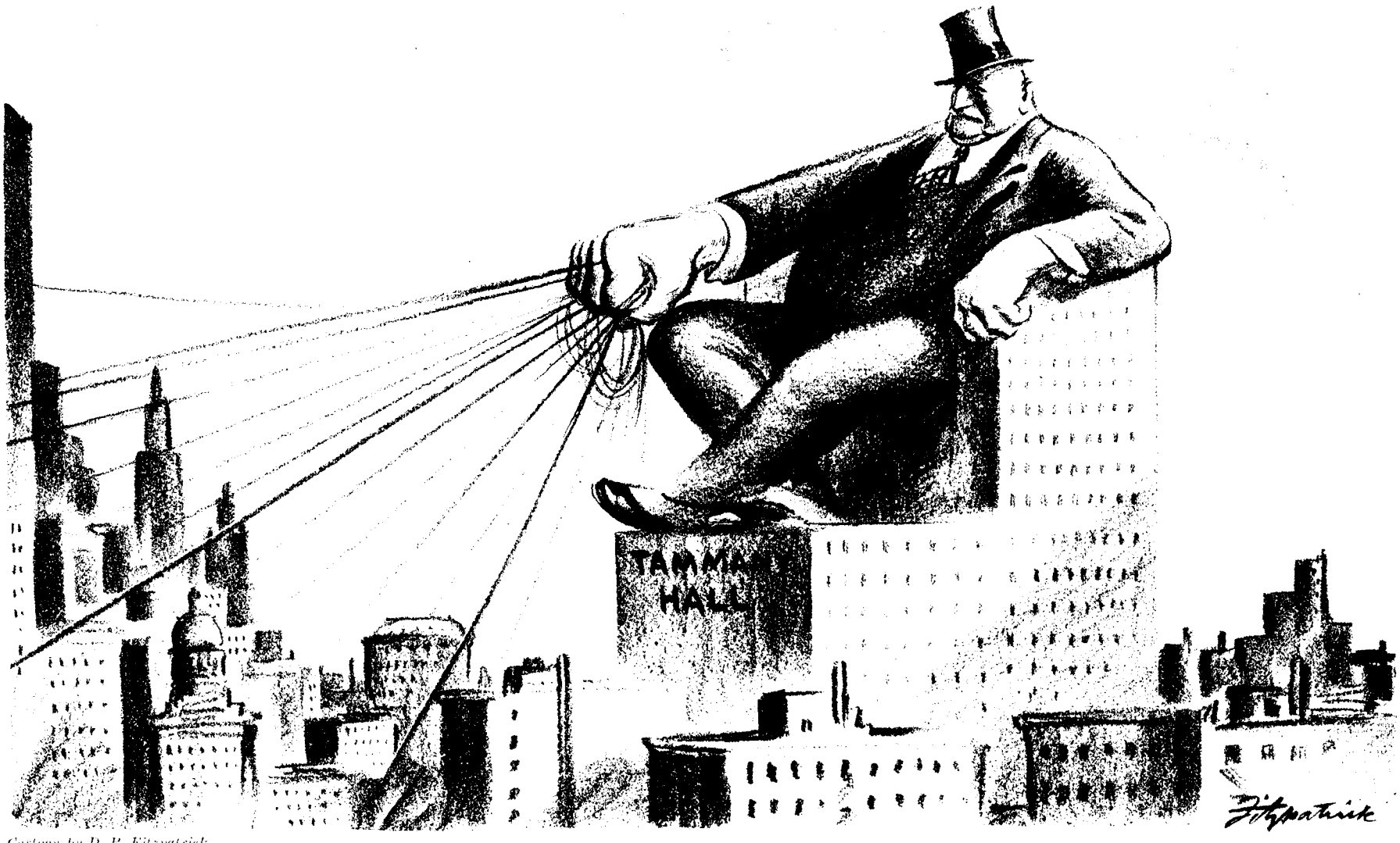

Cartoon by D. R. Fitzpatrick

Arrogant, heavy-handed Tammany controls the political destinies of the world's richest city

The Tammany Touch

One of the biggest rackets in this country is the oldest—Tammany Hall. Tammany methods of making political activity yield a handsome profit are the result of many decades of practical experience. Modern technique has smoothed off many of the rough spots and increased the selfish efficiency of the machine.

This is the first of a series of articles which will show how Tammany works the taxpayer. We here pay our respects where they will be best appreciated—to the Hall itself, where the boys report and receive their instructions; where the leader, the Big Shot, sits in uneasy dignity on a throne which is too big.

Here Tammany is consciously on view and wears its best face. Therefore your sensibilities will not be too much lacerated. In other articles we shall see the workers in more intimate moments, become familiar with the large ways of easy money, small beneficences, ruthless rule—the diverting and instructive picture of a great city's political organization with an eye on the main chance and a foot on the taxpayer's neck

By Walter Davenport

A BRISK, gray gentleman, almost too dapper, alights from a motor car in Seventeenth Street, New York. The car, like its owner, bespeaks elegance, assurance, command. But not arrogance.

There is a bank on the ground floor of the squat, staid building the gentleman is about to enter. And, come to think of it, there is a striking architectural resemblance between the urbane gray gentleman and that genteel granite edifice. But if you were a stranger passing by, or if you were not one of the fifty gossiping men at the mullioned windows on the second floor, you might easily assume that this squarely tailored gentleman was about to enter that bank to be bowed to by clerks and tellers who know their places and their betters when they see them. The bank's manager perhaps; anyway a most important depositor. Here, you would think, was substance, success, endowment, patronage. And quite right too.

For a moment, no more, he looks firmly without a tinge of emotion at a forlorn straggle of human oddments shuffling in a shiftless column across the ugly public square opposite. They carry banners announcing that they want bread, that they want money from the public funds, that they want work and hate landlords and the bosses. A bawling amazon in a moth-raided fur coat lashed around her with a chain carries a dolorous red flag at the procession's head.

Then, hefting his magnificent shoulders as if clearing them, and inflating his General Pershing chest, he strides into the building—but not into the bank. No nonsense about that entrance, either. This man has work to do. In the wide stone foyer, lurching clumsily from the walls they have been lolling against, several hulking lads who would come in handy in any man's riot nod in self-conscious deference. They look as if they expected to be told to do something—for example, bust the elevator operator in the nose for being slow or push the building around a little. Anything. It's the Boss, see? The Commissioner. The Big Fella.

But Mr. Curry—the Honorable John Francis Curry, master of Tammany Hall, political panjandrum of the richest city in history—would be annoyed by such muscular oblation. Nor would it please him to hear himself called the Big Fella or the Boss. We have his own definition of his position: "I am the political leader of the dominant party in New York City." They say that when Mr. Curry thus described himself to the dogged Mr. Samuel Seabury, the most recent of Tammany's many investigators, a squad of the toughest of the Hall's old-timers—the old Tuscaroras—made pilgrimages to the tombs of Mr. Curry's gigantic predecessors—the dour and gluttonous Boss Tweed, the steel-domed Honest John Kelly, the tongue-tied Charlie Murphy, who refused even to open his mouth to sing The Star-Spangled Banner on the Fourth of July, fearing he might commit himself. And together they stood uncovered for a moment in silent tribute to Boss Croker (who grew hair on the ends of his fingers, b'jeez), who lies buried in Ireland. There, my boy, were bosses you called Boss and thanked God for the chance. Or got t'hell out of the Hall.

Here Comes the King!

On the second floor of this smugly respectable building the buzz and banter of the assembled men, with here and there a stoutish, furry lady, ceases. The assemblage turns from the windows of Tammany Hall and toward the door through which Mr. Curry must enter. Speaking to him they call him Commissioner. The incorrigible veterans who still cherish pictures of Dry Dollar Sullivan—Big Tim—speak of him as Boss. They seem homesick, most of the latter, for the old Wigwam in Fourteenth Street. There was a Hall for you, with the stairs so broad that one good man could throw all the Republicans in the city down without putting down his beer. This new place—well, for one thing, my boy, it doesn't smell right.

But these men who turn toward the door, surging without haste and with-

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out compromise toward the office where the Boss will be in a moment, are the district leaders. Just before the elevator door yawns one of them waves his hand curtly and the small fry, the captains and the lieutenants, scuttle off to distant corners, clearing the floor. Perhaps it is the handsome and amazingly energetic Jimmy Hines, who looks like a younger and huskier Billy Sunday. Or the swart and hulking Tom Farley, czar of the Fourteenth, who was sheriff until the governor removed him because he wasn't satisfactory in his explanations of how he banked $396,000 during years when his income from political office was less than $90,000. Or City Clerk Mike Cruise, whose Tammany Club over in the Twelfth Assembly District was raided three times on the charge that George McManus, the murdered Arnold Rothstein's pal, was running a poker game there. Nothing happened, of course, except the arrest of a few mugs like Nigger Blue, gamblers.

Anyway the vote hustlers, the boys who do the heavy work before elections, are out of the way and the Boss enters. Now for it. Now the political machine that rules New York starts grinding. Downtown farther, down in City Hall and the Municipal Building, there is a mighty pother about the finances of the richest municipality on earth. Maybe the city is insolvent, bankrupt, broke. This city that spends upward of six hundred million a year on government (well, anyway that's what Tammany charges to run New York City) is wondering where it is going to get a mere $40,000,000 to meet its matured securities. They're having a fit about it down there, what with the comptroller blaming the banks for withholding loans and the banks asking what's the use of throwing good money after bad.

"Tammany Soaks the Rich"

But up here in Tammany Hall—a cleaner, sweeter Hall and much more sanitary—to hell with all that! Here's where the city's run. This is Tammany Hall and Tammany runs the city with its twenty billions of dollars of taxable real estate, its 500,000 real estate taxpayers and its 7,000,000 population. Let's go over that again. It is important in getting the proper slant on Tammany. Seven million inhabitants and only five hundred thousand real estate taxpayers. That leaves six and a half million people who don't pay a direct nickel of the $535,500,000 that Tammany's tax assessors have levied upon the city this year. Of course Tammany's tax collectors can't collect it, worse luck, but that's beside the point. The thing to remember is that 6,500,000 residents of New York City don't have to worry about that tax levy at all. Tammany is good—very good—to the poor. Tammany soaks the rich. But we're getting way off the subject again. All that we have to remember here is that from where we stand, here in Tammany Hall, we worry because only $243,300,000 of that tax levy has been collectible.

The thing we're concerned about is the city pay roll, not that $40,000,000 the bondholders cry for. Have we got it or haven't we? That's important. Let's see: This dominant political party of which Mr. Curry is chief has found it necessary to put 148,000 men and women on the city's pay roll. You could reduce that by forty-eight thousand and get much better service, of course—quicker service too, because there would be just ninety-six thousand fewer feet to trip over when you went into the public buildings to look for something. But think how sore they would be! People you fire aren't apt to vote right the next time they get a chance.

Besides, just before the Hall was trying to decide who would be the least dangerous, the least nuisance, to succeed jaunty Jimmy Walker, about fifty thousand of those city jobholders (with fifty thousand more eager to sign up) notified the Hall that if there was any funny business, such as nominating this guy McKee, who was shooting off his mouth so much about cutting down the pay roll and trimming salaries, they were going to get pretty sore, and if they had to go, a lot of the big fellas were going with them.

The Backbone of Bossism

It is probably unnecessary to remind you that 148,000 people (all of voting age) are a considerable start toward a whacking victory at the polls. Multiply that by three, the average number of votes attaching to a single job, and you have something to celebrate even in New York City. So it isn't difficult to understand why Tammany can roll up half a million and more votes for candidates who wouldn't be trusted with anything more important than a broom or a mop in most of our well-ordered industrial corporations.

Tammany's pay roll is more populous than the enlisted personnel of the United States Army. That 148,000 would constitute a city larger than Des Moines, Jacksonville, Miami, Chattanooga, Bridgeport, El Paso, Peoria, Salt Lake City, Scranton, Trenton, Tulsa, Canton and a hundred more exceedingly important American municipalities. It would be a landslide for any candidate in a dozen states. Merely keeping this army of jobholders in paper and pencils, which quite a few of them handle with considerable facility, costs the taxpayer a tidy sum.

So you see, the chief concern here in Tammany Hall is about the pay roll. It takes $286,000,000 a year to pay these 148,000 busy patriots who (ask any of them) are devoting their lives to public service. As for the $270,000,000 that goes toward supplies, equipment and indebtedness—well, maybe something can be done there, some cutting. Listen, if the big corporations can pass their dividends and even default a little on their bonds, why can't a city? Anyway, that's for the banks to take to bed with them. The banks floated the bonds. Well, let them come across with the dough to redeem them.

John F. Curry—a caricature by C. J. Post

About this money the city needs to take up its bonds, well, the Boss will see to that. That's what he is boss for. There are plenty of ways for the leader of Tammany to induce the banks to lend money to see the Hall through a pinch—even after the banks have ignored such inconsequential people as the mayor and the comptroller. It is pretty intricate, of course, but the Boss of the City of New York would have to hang his head in shame, to say nothing of losing his proud throne, if he and the banks couldn't get together. And there is a law that might help if worst came to worst.

Could Invoke Drastic Law

This law, passed a long time ago by lads who could see farther than the bock beer sign on the corner, is that in financial extremity the City of New York has a special first lien on all taxable real estate—bank buildings and properties, for example. It gives the city priority over all other claims, mortgages and the like. It has never been invoked of course, but if it were carried to its uttermost possibilities the city could sell the bank buildings right out from under those money lenders.

Not, mind you, that Mr. Curry would think of having recourse to such a drastic expedient, nor even mention it to the bankers. But that's the law anyway. So we can leave all this economy and finance up to the Big Fella, and go on about conditions in the districts. Of course the Boss is going to make some concessions to the bankers. Somebody is going to lose his job down in City Hall; but nobody important. And there are going to be some pay cuts.

Funny thing about those pay cuts. Tammany didn't join the pay-cut parades when they were going strong. Things like that are against the Hall's policy, understand. But last election the leaders began coming in with queer stories about how sore the general populace was about it. The boys and girls who still had jobs in private business had had their pay slashed right down the line. But their neighbors who had city jobs were still smoking two-for-a-quarter cigars and riding in city motor cars behind chauffeurs or in taxicabs on city expense accounts. It made the people pretty sore. See?

So maybe the boys and girls on the city pay roll—the happy hundred and forty-eight thousand—will have to take a little of the same. In the interests of harmony. See?

They Can Take It—if Necessary

That can all be smoothed out in the district clubhouses. Some of the boys will holler a lot at first, of course, but they'll listen to reason when told like gentlemen. Why, even the leaders are feeling the depression. And do you hear them yelling? You do not. Maybe you don't know it but there's a leader over in John H. McCooey's Brooklyn who didn't beat $75,000 in 1931 and it is said by big men right in his own district that his income wasn't over $50,000 in 1932 and he never worked harder in his life.

Sure, they're game. Tammany can take it. And smile, smile, smile.

And the newspapers aren't showing the right spirit either, although there has never been a man in Tammany Hall better to the newspapers. Some of them are actually boosting the reform element, still clamoring for Al Smith. They say that there are Tammany men downtown in the finance departments of the city who wouldn't know a revolving fund from a revolving door and

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Gallows of Chance

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

Her arm was grasped by the inspector. "There may be work for our fingerprint expert here," he said

The Story Thus Far:

CONVICTED of the murder of Gervase Benham, Cecil Brandt is sentenced to be hanged. According to the evidence brought out at his trial, he had returned unexpectedly to his home (where Mrs. Brandt was alone), found Benham in the study, and killed him. One man alone has the power to intercede for him: England's young Home Secretary, Sir Humphrey Rossiter. Sir Humphrey declines to do so. The night before the execution—while returning to London following a visit to Lord Keynsham and his sister, Lady Louise, in Norfolk County—he is kidnapped by four masked men, led to a gallows, and placed on the trapdoor. A noose is thrown about his neck. If (his captors inform him) he will not promise to grant a reprieve to Cecil Brandt, he will die—at once.

Sir Humphrey will promise nothing. An excited messenger arrives and talks with the leader. Whereupon, the kidnappers' spokesman (obviously a man of culture) tells Sir Humphrey that Mrs. Brandt has important new evidence to offer, which will alter the entire case. Sir Humphrey, still dubious, promises to hear it, grant the reprieve if he believes it. Blindfolded, he is taken to London and released. Katherine Brandt (an actress whom he has known for years) is waiting for him, at his home. She tells him that, to discuss her new play, Benham had gone to her *bedroom* (not the study), where her husband had found him. The case, Sir Humphrey realizes, is materially altered. He promises to order a reprieve. Then—after Mrs. Brandt has left his home—he collapses, faints. Hours later, he regains consciousness in a hospital. And Cecil Brandt has been hanged! . . .

Convalescent, Sir Humphrey asks Mrs. Brandt (who understands what has occurred) to dine with him, at his home, Sunday evening. Scotland Yard is greatly interested in the case. General Moore, Chief Commissioner, at once details four men—Sub-Commissioner Matterson, Inspectors Smithers and Simpson, and Detective Pank—to solve the mystery. . . . Sunday evening, Sir Humphrey dines alone. Alarmed by Katherine Brandt's failure to arrive, he notifies Scotland Yard. Matterson hurries over, learns exactly what has happened. He leaves the room, to telephone headquarters. When he returns the room is empty. Sir Humphrey Rossiter, one of the world's most prominent figures, *has disappeared!*

IV

GENERAL Sir Harold Moore, the chief commissioner of police, was a fine upstanding figure of a man, powerfully built to withstand shocks of every description. Nevertheless the flesh under his eyes was a little baggy and he had lost some of his healthy color as he opened the newspapers the following morning in his private room. Seated a few yards away was Colonel Matterson, and in the background Detective Inspector Cowling, one of the famous three at the Yard who specially concerned themselves with mysterious disappearances.

"I'll talk to you both," the chief commissioner muttered, "as soon as I see whether those paragraphs are in the Times. I hope they are. Must stop the evening papers gassing."

The news items of which he was in search were easily discovered. The first was in the Court and Society News and was brief enough:

> Mrs. Brandt has left the Savoy Court for the continent. No letters will be forwarded.

The second was in the General News with an important headline:

> We regret to state that the Right Honorable Sir Humphrey Rossiter, Secretary of State for Home Affairs, has suffered a slight relapse after his recent illness and has been moved to a nursing home. No communications of any sort will be dealt with or letters forwarded.

"That's all right," the general exclaimed, with a sigh of relief. "Gives us a day or two at any rate."

"Precisely, sir," Inspector Cowling commented. "The one thing we want to avoid in cases like this is a lot of talk and gossip. I'm hoping we'll clear this whole business up before anyone guesses at the truth."

"I hope to goodness you will," was the general's fervent response. "Did you learn anything from the condition of Sir Humphrey's dining-room?"

"Not very much," was the cautious reply. "Of course it is one of those old-fashioned houses, the lower windows of which are practically on the ground and only protected by shutters. When these are pushed back it's as easy for anyone to pass in and out by the window as by the door."

"What is the drop?" the general asked.

"BARELY a couple of feet and onto a cement pavement. The catch of the window does not appear to have been tampered with, and the butler admits that it was very likely left unfastened until the shutters would be pulled to at night. One puzzling thing, however, is that, although it must have been perfectly easy for anyone to enter the room, it is a very large apartment and one cannot imagine Sir Humphrey seeing anyone approach without calling out or ringing the bell."

"Just so," Matterson agreed. "He knew perfectly well that I was in the next room all the time."

"And in any case," the inspector went on, "why should he have allowed himself to be taken away by this visitor? He had plenty of time to see him coming, he had plenty of time to shout out. One has to consider the theory, gentlemen, that Sir Humphrey's departure was voluntary and that it isn't a case of disappearance at all."

"What in the world you're going to make of that I don't know," the general mumbled.

"Neither do I at present," the inspector admitted coolly, "until we come across some shadow of a motive. We know that a large motor car did draw up outside the house at a quarter to eleven, which was just about the right time, and the constable who saw it noticed the extreme quietness with which it approached and was brought to a standstill; no hooting or grinding of brakes or anything of that sort. Unfortunately his attention was distracted just then by a motorcyclist without a rear light, and he had to cross the road to take some particulars. When he came back again the car had gone. He seems to be the only person who saw it, and he is not able even to give us any idea as to its make."

"A CAR stopping outside the house just at that particular time must have had some significance," Colonel Matterson remarked.

"I have two men," the inspector confided, "who are at work upon nothing else but the tracing of that car."

"No news from Norfolk yet, I suppose?" the chief commissioner inquired after a moment's pause.

"Not yet, sir," Matterson replied. "I shall let Smithers have a brief report of what has happened here, but I shall make no comment upon it. Let them come to their own conclusions, and we may correct them afterwards if necessary."

"Yes, I suppose that's sound," the general meditated. "Your idea is, then, to treat these two disappearances separately and work at them from an entirely different angle?"

"Exactly," Matterson agreed. "The

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one thing that I should like to understand, though, is what the precise connection was between our chief at Whitehall, Brandt and Brandt's wife."

"I don't think there is anything to be discovered there," was the general's confident pronouncement. "Sir Humphrey is no philanderer and never has been. Go ahead your own way, though. I don't pretend to be a detective. Anything else I can do for you, Cowling?"

The inspector consulted his notebook.

"I should like a list of the guests at the shooting party at Keynsham Hall," he stated.

The general raised his eyebrows.

"So after all we've said you're determined to connect the two affairs," he remarked. "Well, you will find the list in *the Records Department*," the general told him. "Work quickly."

The inspector rose to his feet.

"I have four of my best men at work now," he announced. "I won't waste a minute, sir."

AS SOON as the two men were alone, General Moore motioned to the subcommissioner to draw his chair a little closer.

"What do you really think of it all, Matterson?" he asked.

"I wish I knew what to think," the latter replied. "I am convinced, though, that the same people or the same interests are concerned in Mrs. Brandt's disappearance as in these two abductions of our chief."

"It's common sense, sheer common sense," the general assented, "yet how are we to connect them?"

"Quite so," Matterson agreed. "Our troubles seem to me to be twofold. First, it is almost impossible to find one central motive for the three incidents, and, secondly, I have been through our lists again and we have no organized band of criminals capable of work like this. If this is an amateur stunt all I can say is—Lord help us in the future! You are *looking as though* you had an idea, General."

The chief commissioner shook his head.

"Nothing that could be called an idea, I'm afraid," he denied. "As I told you just now, I don't pretend to be a detective. The thing that has been in my mind all the time, though, is just this—that the only person who might have tapped at that dining-room window and brought Sir Humphrey out without a second's hesitation would have been Katherine Brandt."

"But if so, what then?" Matterson demanded. "Does it get us any nearer? Why the devil could she not come to dinner in the ordinary way if she wanted anything from Sir Humphrey?"

"If we knew that, the whole mystery would be solved," was the dry rejoinder. "If Scotland Yard cannot solve it, all I can say is we shall have to revise the department. No reprimand, mind, but put it up to Cowling that I shall expect to hear something about Mrs. Brandt during the day."

Colonel Matterson nodded.

"I'm quite of your opinion, Chief," he said.

Which was tactful of the sub-commissioner and happened to be the truth.

THE management of the Savoy Hotel and Court were naturally only too anxious to be of any assistance to Scotland Yard. One of the undermanagers escorted Inspector Cowling to the apartment which Katherine Brandt had occupied, and invited him to make such investigations as he desired. The inspector neglected nothing. The waste-paper basket had unfortunately been emptied, but there was a drawerful of letters, mostly of sympathy, kind offers of various sorts, and invitations, not one of which was of any practical service.

The inspector even looked through the books and magazines lying about, and took notice of the newspapers which had been supplied. Finally he asked for Katherine Brandt's maid, who had been warned to be in attendance. She was a quiet, neatly dressed young woman, English, and a little nervous. Inspector Cowling adopted his most pleasant manner and begged her to take a chair.

"I see your trunks seem to be all packed," he remarked.

"Everything is prepared for going abroad," the maid told him. "Madam said we should be leaving today or tomorrow. I shouldn't be surprised to see her back at any moment and ready for the train tomorrow."

"For the continent?"

"For Cannes, sir. I believe the concierge knows all about that."

"Mrs. Brandt had seats in the Blue Train for tomorrow," the undermanager confided. "We have telephoned to the Carlton Hotel for a small suite."

"Then you heard nothing from her to indicate that she had changed her mind?"

"Nothing whatever."

The inspector turned towards the maid.

"Your mistress said nothing in your hearing which would have led you to believe she was not leaving for the south of France as arranged?"

"Not a word."

"You believed, when your mistress left, that she was going to keep her engagement and dine with Sir Humphrey?"

"Of course I did," the young woman acquiesced. "And another thing, I am quite sure Madam believed it too. I never knew a lady who was so particular in keeping her engagements."

"Very nice of her, I'm sure," the inspector approved. "By the bye, I was interested in what you said just now, that you thought she would be back in time to catch the train tomorrow. You have no real reason for saying that, I suppose—just your own idea, eh?"

"Just my own idea, sir, that's all," she agreed. "Madam is rather like that. She's very fond of turning up at the last moment. As a matter of fact, her last words to me were to be sure that I left some milk and the heating kettle for her."

"You were not supposed to sit up until she got back, then?"

"MADAM was always very considerate," the girl confided. "If she wasn't home by half past ten I was free to go to bed."

"Had she many visitors?"

The maid frowned.

"Not many," she said. "There was Mr. Guy Philpott. He came several times. He was always trying to persuade Madam to sign a contract. And there was Mrs. Philpott, his wife. Then there was Lady Middleton Hall and her cousin Lady Hynes, and Sir Humphrey Rossiter. He only came once—on Friday. I can't think of anyone else."

Inspector Cowling made a note of the names in his book.

"Thank you," he said. "Now tell me, what do you propose to do?"

"I shall stay here and wait for my mistress' return."

"For the present I think you are very wise," the inspector agreed. . . . "I think I noticed the trunks when I came in. Yes, here they are," he added, leading the way into the hall. "So that is Mrs. Brandt's luggage for Cannes, eh?"

"All but the hats and the boots which aren't packed yet."

"I see," the detective murmured.

He stared meditatively at the trunks as though in some vague way they interested him. He stooped down and examined the locks and then stood up again.

"I suppose these were all packed by yourself, Miss Brown?" he asked.

"Of course they were," the girl replied. "Madam only keeps one maid."

"They are all locked, naturally?"

"I shouldn't leave them out here if they weren't."

"I wonder whether it would trouble you very much," the inspector asked apologetically, "if I were to beg you to open one for a minute? I should like to have a glance at really high-class packing."

The maid opened the small bag which she had been carrying, and produced a bunch of keys.

"Which one?" she inquired.

THE inspector indicated the nearest, a small wardrobe trunk. The maid unlocked it and the inspector and the undermanager pulled it open. The maid gave a little scream. Instead of the neatly packed contents they had expected to see, there was an untidy medley of crumpled gowns, bundles of crêpe de Chine, scarfs and gloves, all in wild confusion.

The maid, as soon as she had recovered from the shock, would have thrown herself upon a shamefully maltreated gown of white satin, but her

(Continued on page 37)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

About $1,000,000 is spent daily to feed the cherished household pets of 20,000,000 American families.

One of the cleverest card-cheating tricks ever devised now is being used by professional gamblers. The cards are marked with a certain ink that is visible only through the special dark glasses worn by the head of the gang, who keeps his confederates informed about each deal.

One night recently a man stood beside a closed window in a Schenectady factory and talked to a group of men on a mountain top 22 miles away—over a *beam of light*. This is one of science's latest achievements —called "narrowcasting."—*By E. H. Hummell, Port Ewen, New York.*

In South Africa mirages have developed such a distinct and complete effect at times that even thirsty cattle, horses and dogs have hurried to drink from the illusory pools.

A store is not compelled by law to sell merchandise at the price stated in an advertisement or on a price tag attached to the article in the show window.—*By Archie Hansen, Long Island City, New York.*

People throughout the world have been found to suffer from about 2,400 different physical and mental disorders.

There are today about 350 regular radio stations in 47 countries that broadcast daily or weekly many of their programs on short waves, which are heard on hundreds of thousands of short-wave sets throughout the world.

Although certain psychologists have claimed for years that children have a special preference for the parent of the opposite sex, a recent survey made among 3,200 families shows that there is virtually no difference in the affection of boys or girls for either the mother or father.

Stilts are still used daily by men, women and children throughout southwestern France to facilitate walking over the large tracts of sandy marshlands.—*By Carol L. Douglas, Brunswick, Maine.*

Despite its age, the Bible contains an astonishingly modern description of the medicinal properties of various alcoholic beverages.

Some simple articles require an amazing number of manufacturing processes. For instance, the making of a little shotgun shell that retails *for only four cents* calls for 888 different operations.—*By A. J. Wiley, Spokane, Washington.*

Wills or testaments have been written on nearly everything imaginable, including eggshells and life preservers. But the most oddly recorded wills in existence are those tattooed on human backs.

At the Dasehra Festival in Nepal each year, the men become so obsessed with the desire to win in the exciting dice games that they often gamble away all their money and property—and sometimes even their wives and children.

Through the ages men have eaten certain parts of animals and human beings in an effort to absorb their admirable qualities. Several centuries ago, however, the Tartars carried this idea further by eating *books* to acquire the knowledge contained *in them.*

Circulating throughout this country today are millions of dollars' worth of counterfeit bills and coins that are so perfect in ring, quality and appearance that they cannot be detected even by cashiers and bank tellers.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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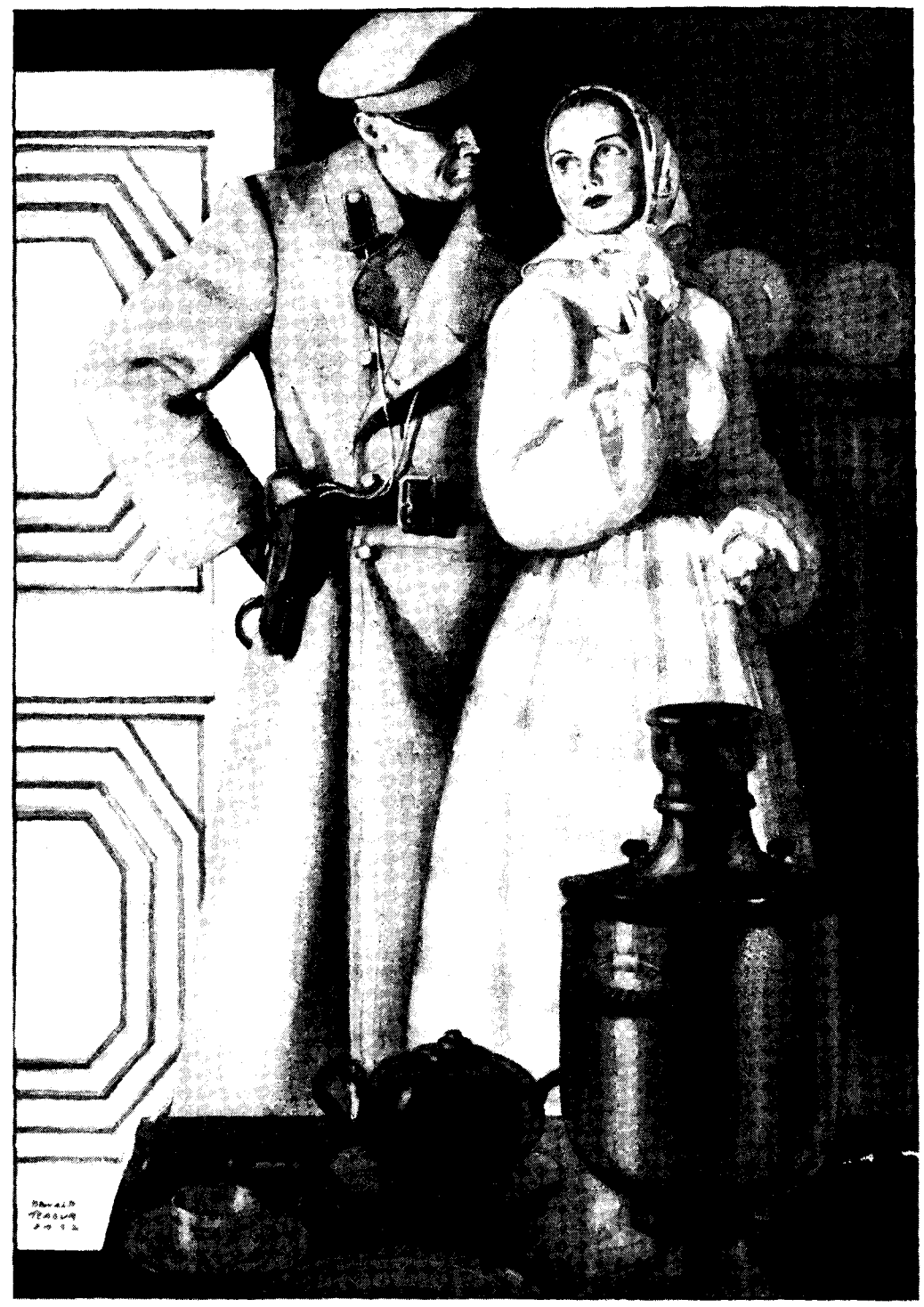
The Gold Train

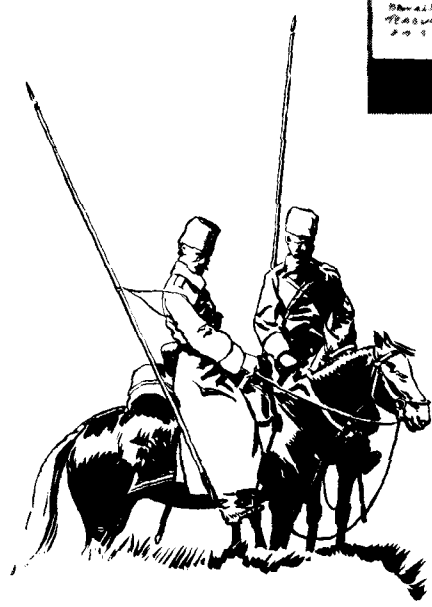
By Walter Duranty

A strange and stirring story of love in grim Red Russia



Illustrated by Donald Teague

She replied, smiling slyly, "Wilt thou steal me from my father?"



I FOUND myself one night in a third-class compartment in Siberia —traveling *hard* they call it, and hard means hard in Siberia. The Russians are a hardy race and they must be to travel hard in Siberia, but you meet a lot more people when you travel hard. And their piles of baggage and sacks of potatoes and bundles and bedding, and their fleas and bugs and lice and probably cockroaches, and cats and dogs and hens and goats and sometimes calves as well and little pigs, and always babies. If Herod had ever traveled hard in Siberia he'd have killed more babies than he did. That's what traveling hard means. Yet, by myself in a Wagon-lits coupé I should never have known the truth of the end of Kolchak's gold train.

It began with a woman nursing her child, which howled like a wolf for its milk, and when she gave it her breast it wouldn't just drink and shut up but kicked and kicked and wriggled, and kicked a thin gold chain with a thick gold coin on it out for the world to see. That made her blush and she smacked the child and tucked the coin away, with a quick, nervous gesture, and the child was sick, and altogether it was a touching domestic scene until the baby went to sleep and I managed to get her to talk. It wasn't easy but I managed it . . . that's a reporter's business. They don't always tell you the truth, but this sounded like truth, and I had seen the coin. It was an American twenty-dollar gold piece.

She said, this woman did, that she was a daughter of a *Kulak*, the type of prosperous peasant that used to be admired by authority and called the backbone of the country, the way they do with honest yeomen in England and farmers in America, especially when votes are needed. They didn't need votes in Russia, not in Czarist Russia, but they did need soldiers and tough Cossacks to suppress the proletariat. Which the Kulaks, it seems, were always willing to do, because the word Kulak means fist: to punch their poorer neighbors in the eye, or squeeze them in bony fingers till the juice ran out. Exactly as the Bolsheviks have recently squeezed the Kulaks.

This Kulak, the woman's father, was a hard and greedy Kulak, in the days before the war, when she was a lovely slim girl, with hair like ripe wheat, and a lover named Ivan Petrovich, who was a *Batrak*, which means the poorest kind of peasant, without a cent and never an inch of land and nothing in the world save the love of the Kulak's daughter, who loved him more than all the world.

But Ivan Petrovich was brave, like a dog of good blood, she said, against a bear. And he faced the old bear of a Kulak, and the Kulak laughed and said, "Love, you say, love. Do men eat love? Do cows eat love? Not even pigs eat love. You love my daughter; you want her. All right then, boy, you can take her when you bring me fifty golden pieces of ten roubles each. Then you can take her and welcome and that's a fair offer, the same as I made this morning to the son of my neighbor the innkeeper. Five hundred roubles in gold and the girl is yours. Or his. And that's my last word," said the cruel, grasping Kulak, and neither frowned nor smiled as he said it, and his eyes were cold. Cold as gold pieces that have lain all night on the Siberian snow.

Swift and sudden as lightning in August, the war then came and took both her suitors—Ivan the poor and Vasya the rich. And more than once her father would have wed her to another, but she held him to his word, and who should be so mad as to give fifty golden pieces for one young girl in any Siberian village? Months passed and year, and in the third summer a man limped home on a wooden stump, with the voice of a crow and a rattle in his lungs. He had breathed yellow smoke, he said, that burned like flame, and they had cut his foot off; but he did not want to die so far from home.

He gave the girl a ring of copper with a rough-shaped heart of lead in the center, and told her Ivan Petrovich had made it from a bullet that pierced his shoulder: made it for her from the bullet that pierced his body, and sent with it a message—the first words he had learned to write: "I sEnd yoU thiS in ToKen oF The WorD yoU pLedGed mE iVAn PETrovicH." "Is he dead?" she cried, and the man coughed and choked and couldn't answer. She thought of that last night, when they met that last time and exchanged vows of love forever: when she told him she was his, only his till death; and Death himself should have her before another man should wed her. Then the soldier with gas in his lungs croaked weakly, "Oh, no, he got well and went back to the war and sends you this ring and this message, and bids you wait and hope."

NOW there were tidings of revolt in cities and landlords' houses burning; and red flags in neighboring Irkutsk, and fighting on the railroad: and a new soviet in the village to replace the old council of elders. The members were the same, except for the priest, who hid himself, but their emblem was sickle and hammer instead of double eagle. Until the Whites came back and the double eagle came back. Then they hid the red flags and the sickle and hammer, and the priest came forth from hiding. And foreign soldiers came, and Red partisans came, and they fought to and fro. The peasants hid their cattle in the forest and changed sides when needful, and trafficked and robbed, and were robbed and beaten, never knowing what it was all about, nor caring much; with only one wish that someone would win outright, or that all of

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He had to come Back

Heroes aren't supposed to run away, especially when in love. Well, Henry wasn't a hero. Just a local boy who made good with —and without—a .44

By Lucian Cary

HENRY BURR trailed the paddle, keeping the canoe in the current as it drifted down the broad river through a starlit summer night, and gazed at the girl who sat facing him.

"Elsie," he said, "I'm so happy it hurts."

"I know," she said. "I'm so happy my heart aches."

The canoe drifted on, without a sound. Elsie Ashley chanted softly:

"And everything seems
Like one of my dreams . . ."

They fell silent, remembering the magical moment—each aware that the other was remembering the magical moment two hours earlier when he'd kissed her and told her that he loved her.

The canoe slipped around a point and Henry saw the lights of Sharon up on the bluff. Then, down below, at the water's edge, he saw the twinkle of lanterns. Somebody was swinging a lantern as a brakeman swings a lantern to signal the engineer of a train. Henry looked across the river. It was a long way. But presently he caught the flash of a lantern on the other shore. He swung the canoe broadside so that Elsie could see.

"What do you suppose it means?" she whispered.

"I don't know," he said. "I'm going to find out."

HE HAD to take an occasional stroke. But he brought the canoe ashore without a sound. They could see quite plainly. Half a dozen men were unloading big square tins from a truck and putting them aboard skiffs. The tins seemed to be as heavy as a man could lift off a truck and over the gunwale of a wide flat-bottomed river skiff.

"It's alcohol," Henry said. "They're bootleggers."

"Oh," Elsie Ashley said, "how exciting!"

They waited, watching, until the truck moved off toward the town. They could hear the oars as the men in the skiffs rowed across the river. When they were all out of sight Henry shoved the canoe off and paddled down to the boathouse.

They walked hand in hand up to the town and out Elm Street to Mrs. Bains', where Elsie Ashley lived, pausing now and then for kisses. They forgot all about the men they had seen ferrying tins of alcohol across the river.

Henry walked home to his Uncle Arthur Bradshaw's house and as he walked he sang under his breath:

"And e-e-e-everything seems
Like one of my dreams . . ."

There really wasn't any reason why he couldn't marry Elsie Ashley this summer. He ran his uncle's drug-store. He was drawing only ten dollars a week because he was buying the store. His uncle intended to retire in another year and go to California to live. Henry would have one of the few dependable businesses in Sharon, which wasn't the town it had been in the old days when they floated great rafts of logs down the river and you heard the big saws scream all day and all night.

But though Henry forgot to tell anybody about the thing he and Elsie Ashley had seen, the town was soon full of the story. The Chicago ring had chosen Sharon as the best place to cross the river with the alcohol they sent to Iowa and Nebraska and Minnesota. Big, fast cars with built-in tanks waited on the other side. And the man in charge was no less than Greek Johnny.

They'd all read about Greek Johnny in the Chicago papers. They said he'd killed a dozen men. They said he was young and pleasant and nice-looking but quick as lightning with an automatic pistol. They said he drove the longest roadster there was. He drove a long, low, black roadster with sixteen cylinders under the hood.

He got Butch Winkler and Joe Bullitt to join his staff of drivers. He paid you by the trip. You drove at seventy miles an hour all night with an automatic pistol on the seat beside you, in case of hijackers. You had to take that chance. But you made a hundred dollars a week. People said you couldn't blame Butch and Joe. It was a lot better than hanging around Parker's poolroom. People figured out that Greek Johnny had twenty drivers. His payroll for driving was two thousand dollars a week.

Henry Burr was behind the prescription counter one noon. He kept an eye on the front door. Elsie Ashley stepped in every noon on her way home from work at the library. The boy who tended the soda fountain had already gone to lunch. Henry saw a long, low, black roadster stop out in front. Henry saw a sleek young man in beautifully cut clothes come in. He sat down on a stool at the soda fountain. Henry went forward. This must be Greek Johnny.

"Jack," he said to Henry in a low voice, as if he had the habit of speaking confidentially, "Jack, I'd like a malted milk."

HENRY mixed the malted milk. Elsie Ashley came in just as he was setting it down on the counter. She saw that Henry was busy. She walked back toward the magazine counter. The sleek young man turned on his stool and stared at her. Henry disliked the way he stared. It seemed to Henry that the man licked his lips while he stared at Elsie Ashley.

He slowly turned around and faced Henry. "Who's the girl, Jack?" he asked, in his low voice.

Henry looked him in the eye. "I don't know," he said.

The sleek young man finished his malted milk and laid a dollar bill on the counter.

"The change is yours," he said.

Henry rang up fifteen cents on the cash register and laid the change out on the counter in front of the stranger, who thought Henry didn't understand. He pushed the change at Henry. "It's yours, Jack," he said.

"I don't take tips," Henry said.

The sleek young man raised his eyebrows in a slight gesture of boredom and put the change in his waistcoat pocket.

"How about it, Jack?" he asked. "How would you like some real money?"

"I wouldn't like it," Henry said. He might as well have said, "I don't like you."

"You wouldn't like it?"

"No," Henry said, "I'm not a rat."

The sleek young man's impassive face did not change. If he was angry he did not show it.

Elsie Ashley came back down the store. She looked at Henry when she came opposite the soda fountain. "Hello, Henry," she said, and smiled. Anybody could have seen that she was in love with Henry.

"Hello, Elsie," Henry said. And anybody listening would have known that he was in love with her.

The sleek young man looked at Henry as Elsie Ashley walked on out. He didn't say a word. But he might as well have spoken—it was so clear to Henry what he was thinking. He was thinking, "So you had the nerve to tell me you didn't know that girl."

HENRY'S uncle came in. He was quite excited. "Do you know who that was, Henry?" he asked. "That was Greek Johnny."

He stood by the soda fountain watching the long, low black car move off.

"Who'd ever pick a man like that for a killer?" Henry's uncle asked. "They say other men have got the drop on him several times and even then he was too quick for them—he filled them full of bullets before they could fire a shot."

Henry took Elsie Ashley home from the library that evening. They walked slowly down Elm Street, hand in hand. They paused at Mrs. Bains' gate. They melted into each other's arms. They were too happy to notice the big car coming down the street until it stopped with its headlights on them.

"Madam," Greek Johnny said to Elsie Ashley, "I beg your pardon but I've got something to say to this guy you're with."

Henry stood there before the lights of the car with his arm around Elsie Ashley. Greek Johnny was sharply silhouetted against the lights. But Henry couldn't see his face.

"Jack," he said to Henry, "I don't like your looks. If you're around tomorrow you're going for a long, long ride."

Henry took an involuntary step toward him. "Listen," Henry said.

"No, Jack," Greek Johnny said softly, "I'm not listening. I'm telling you. I'm not going to bother to tell you twice. If you don't get out of town before I get up in the morning it'll be just too bad."

Henry half raised his arm. Henry saw the man's hand move. He hadn't had a gun before. But now he had. Now he had an automatic pistol in his hand. Elsie Ashley put her hand on Henry's arm. For a long, tense moment

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they stood there and then Greek Johnny bowed low.

"Good night, madam," he said.

He got into his roadster and drove off down the street.

"Henry," Elsie Ashley said, "you've got to go."

"He's a madman," Henry said. "He probably takes dope."

"You've got to go, Henry," she said. "You've got to go to some other town."

"What about the drug-store?" Henry asked. He had put six years into the drug-store. He'd worked in the drug-store fourteen hours a day ever since he'd graduated from high school.

"You'll find a job somewhere else," she said. "And when you're all settled I'll come and join you."

They almost quarreled. But they got no further than just that. Henry did the sensible thing when he left her. He went and woke up old Jake Rounds, the town marshal. Jake came sleepily to the door.

"No, Jack," Greek Johnny said softly, "I'm not listening. I'm telling you. I'm not going to bother to tell you twice"

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

"Come in, Henry," he said. He led the way into the parlor. He was a big, flabby man. He had drooping mustaches, brown and gray—walrus mustaches.

Henry told him exactly what had happened.

Jake Rounds shook his head. "You must have done something to get his goat," he said. "He's most usually a reasonable fellow."

Henry told him what he'd said in the drug-store.

"You see, Henry," old Jake Rounds said, "you shouldn't 'a' said that. Naturally he wouldn't like it."

HENRY got up to go. Jake Rounds followed him out to the front door. Jake Rounds scratched his head. "Of course, Henry," he said, "I'll see about this. We can't have a fellow coming in here threatening citizens, even if he is Greek Johnny."

He paused and scratched his head again.

"But I'd like to tell you something—just as a friend," he said. "If I was you, Henry, I'd go. If you stay here in Sharon he'll get you. There ain't no doubt he's dangerous. He means to do what he says he'll do and I don't know how anybody's goin' to stop him."

"I thought," Henry said, "I thought when a man threatened you with death he could be locked up or put under bond to keep the peace or something."

"Yes-s-s," Jake Rounds said. "But who's goin' to prove he threatened you with death? It would be your word against his."

"Elsie Ashley was there."

"You wouldn't want to drag her into it, Henry," Jake Rounds said. "Now, would you?"

It didn't take long to get used to the way the gun jumped

"You really mean," Henry said, "you really mean that he's spending too much money in this town and—"

"Now, Henry," Jake Rounds said, "I'm a sworn officer of the law and I'll protect you or any other citizen of Sharon so far as I'm able. But just as a friend, Henry—just as a friend who knew your father and mother—I'm telling you that if I was in your place I'd go and get me a job somewheres else. There's lots of better towns than Sharon."

Henry went back to his uncle's house. His uncle had long since gone to bed. Henry woke him up. Henry hadn't finished his story when his uncle got out of bed and started to put on his clothes. Henry saw that his uncle was trembling.

"Henry," his uncle said, "you've got to go. I'm not going to fool with a man like that. I'm not going to have the store shot up."

He got out the car and drove Henry to Greenville Junction where he could get a train for the West at daylight.

Henry got off the train at Kansas City and wrote a letter to Elsie Ashley. He said he was coming back for her.

Then he started out to find a job. He ended by working in the wheat fields, following the harvest north. And as his muscles hardened his anger grew deeper and more bitter.

He reached Johnny Gamp's ranch in Idaho on the North Fork, in the autumn, after the first snow flurries. He'd heard about Johnny Gamp, who ran a dude ranch for a living and shot revolvers as a hobby. He'd heard that Johnny Gamp was a fast-draw artist—one of the best.

Henry walked up to the front door and knocked. He'd walked thirty miles that day over roads almost too rough for a motor car. He was tired. Johnny Gamp opened the door himself. He was a short, plump man. He looked at Henry coldly.

"Well?" he said.

"I've come a thousand miles to see you," Henry said.

"You may as well come in," Johnny Gamp said.

He led the way into a wide, low-ceilinged room. There was a bearskin in front of the hearth and an elk head over the mantel. He pointed to a chair. "Sit down," he said.

Henry put his bundle on the floor and sat down. He supposed he looked like a tramp. He didn't know how to begin.

"Well?" Johnny Gamp said.

"I've heard," Henry said, "that you can throw a tin can into the air with your right hand and draw your gun with that same hand and put six bullets out of six through the can before it comes down."

"You've heard wrong," Johnny Gamp said.

Henry took a deep breath. He wasn't getting on with Johnny Gamp and he had to get on with him.

"I've heard," Henry said, "that you are one of the fastest, surest men in the world with a revolver."

"What of it?" Johnny Gamp asked.

"I just wanted to see you," Henry said.

"You see me," Johnny Gamp said.

Henry looked at him. For some reason Johnny Gamp was impatient. For some reason he wasn't as hospitable as Henry had found most Westerners to be.

"Listen," Henry said. He told Johnny Gamp the whole story. Before he got far Johnny Gamp was walking up and down like a caged lion, only pausing now and then to shoot a question at Henry.

"I suppose," Johnny Gamp said, "I suppose you've come here in the hope that I'd show you how to use a gun and then you'd go back home and get this guy."

"Yes," Henry said, "I guess that's what I thought."

"HOW long do you think that would take?" Johnny Gamp asked.

"I wouldn't know," Henry said. "I was going to ask you that."

"It's taken me eleven years to learn what I've learned about shooting," Johnny Gamp said.

"I don't need to know all you know," Henry said. "I only need to know enough to go back to Sharon and—"

Johnny Gamp paused in front of Henry. He stood facing Henry with his feet wide apart. He was so short and so plump that he looked funny. But there was nothing funny about the look in his eyes or the expression of his mouth.

"Look here," he said to Henry, "what do you know about six-guns?"

Henry shook his head. "I don't know anything. I had an air rifle when I was a boy and—that's all."

"You've never shot revolvers?"

"No," Henry said. "I'm awfully sorry but I've never shot a revolver in my life."

"All right," Johnny Gamp said, "I'll take you on." He walked up and down, saying things under his breath. He was saying he'd be damned if he'd sit by and see a man run out of town by a gangster. He was saying he couldn't understand a town in which nobody, not even the town marshal, had the nerve of a white rabbit. He turned sharply to Henry.

"You weren't kidding me when you said you'd never shot a revolver?"

"No," Henry said. "I'm sorry, but it's the truth."

"I DON'T know if I could stand another pupil who thought he could shoot," Johnny Gamp said. "But you won't have anything to unlearn. You won't drive me crazy trying to prove that the old single action stood up better and is faster than a modern revolver."

"No," Henry said.

"I've always wanted to teach somebody who'd never shot a gun," Johnny Gamp said. "I'll start you with a heavy .22. You won't be so liable to flinch and it's a lot cheaper to shoot. Have you got any money?"

"Not much," Henry said. "Most of my money is tied up in my uncle's drug-store and I can't get it out until he finds another buyer." He looked at Johnny Gamp. He had to earn his board. "I thought maybe you had wood to chop."

"Hell, yes!" said Johnny Gamp.

Johnny Gamp's wife called them to

(Continued on page 28)

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Amateur Bride

By George Agnew Chamberlain

The Story Thus Far:

UNDERSTANDING perfectly that Margaret Schuyler, whom he has met only once, loathes him, regards him as a brute, and avoids him, John Wright is in love with her. The girl is a member of New York City's smartest society. He is not.

A serious problem that. Wright solves it—by forcing his way into an extremely exclusive club: the Line. And "society" welcomes him. Margaret Schuyler alone continues to freeze him. . . . But John Wright, a master strategist, knows what he is doing. When Margaret's aunt, with whom she lives, dies, he calls on her—boldly *asks her to marry him!* Amazed, Margaret thinks quickly. She is desperately poor. Henry Morton—destined, she had believed, some day to be her husband—has, she believes, dropped her. She is lonely, desperate. "I'll marry you," she says calmly—*and she does.*

In her new home, Margaret remains cold, reserved, distant. She soon becomes aware, however, that John Wright—man of wealth, mining engineer, world-wanderer—is a remarkable personality. She must, she realizes, guard her emotions.

At a party, given in the apartment, Wright, ignoring his wife, dances with Lila McKim. Lila is a divorcée—beautiful, quietly daring. As he sweeps her across the floor, she knows—and Margaret, watching with nerves taut, knows—that here indeed is a great dancer—a master of rhythmical movement. And in his arms, she is strangely intoxicated—happy. Henry Morton does love Margaret, he quickly discovers. Wright encounters him at the Line, asks him to call. . . . Lord Ashby, one of Wright's old friends, arrives. He has, he announces, found the lost reef at the Dos Picos mine, in Mexico. He insists that Wright go to the mine at once. Disheveled and excited, Lord Ashby is presented to Margaret, who, offended at his appearance, mercilessly snubs him.

VI

WRIGHT slumped into a chair; he had no intention of speaking until Jones was out of the way, and Jones, by his methodical haste, showed that he knew it. Margaret started toward the den, but stopped halfway, surprised eyes on the unset table in the dining-room beyond. Jones caught even that; he touched a bell and Robert appeared. Jones cocked his head toward the table. No word was spoken, and none was necessary. Wright arose, picked up his coat and went upstairs. In ten minutes he was down again, washed and brushed, but he had not changed. Jones was gone, the living-room restored to its habitual neatness. Robert announced dinner. The meal, eaten in silence, passed quickly.

"John," said Margaret when they were alone, "I have a feeling that something much bigger has happened than I thought was happening at the time. Was there any reason why you should have turned this place into a workroom—practically a sweatshop?"

"Yes," said Wright dully.

"What was it?"

"If Ashby had been seen going into my office—if he had stayed there as long as he would have had to stay—it might have started a market flurry that would have cost us and our clients several millions of dollars."

"Another question," said Margaret, her face abnormally grave: "Does Lord Ashby generally stay with you?"

"Always. We've even slept in the same cot so I could keep him warm because we didn't have enough blankets for two. Lots of men can name their best friend, but he's the only friend I have in the world."

Margaret's lips trembled. "I apologize to you with all my heart," she said, "and I shall do the same to Lord Ashby."

"I'm afraid you'll never get the chance," said Wright in the same dull tone. "He's the biggest-hearted man alive, but he has a face that stays slapped forever."

Margaret turned white. "Is there anything I can do besides apologize? I'll go through any humiliation you suggest."

"Nothing," said Wright. "No, I can't think of anything. You see, I've never called him anything but Ashby, and later Doddy. That's what he's always been. But you asked to see Lord Ashby, and you saw him. Now you think he's some sort of jack-in-the-box you can shove back whenever you're ready, but you can't. Once out, he stays out to the end of the chapter. Think it out for yourself. He couldn't do anything else if he tried. Of course Lord Ashby would accept your apology—that goes without saying. But you've seen Doddy the lovable for the first time and last time."

Margaret held her lower lip tight between her teeth for a moment before she trusted herself to speak again. "At least there's one thing you can do: you can start for the Dos Picos tomorrow."

"It isn't as easy as that," said Wright slowly. "You may not know it yet, but I'm a straight shooter. I've got a hunch that I've been handed the choice between two fights—the fight for you and the fight for a greater Dos Picos together with more millions than I'd know what to do with. I didn't have to think long; I made my choice when I gave Ashby his answer."

"That's nonsense," said Margaret. "It would be nonsense in any case, but there's a simple way out. You can take me with you."

"YOU!" cried Wright, leaping to life out of his apathy. "I might as well take along Sousa's band! Where would you stay? With Meg? That would be a good one! By heaven, she'd teach you more, at that, in five minutes than you've learned in twenty-seven years of the New York kindergarten! What would you do? What language would you talk? If you think this place looked like a sweatshop, what would you think of the Dos Picos where young men sweat till you see their souls oozing out of their pores? Here you're something; I admit it and admire you. If there was a laugh left in me I'd laugh my head off at the thought of you trying to strut your stuff in front of a few men with hair on the chest and one real woman!"

Margaret stood up, her eyes blazing over two spots of color that had suddenly flared in her pale cheeks. "You made the wrong choice. You can go alone. You have to go. I'll make you."

He looked at her curiously, his glance a cross between the leniency one accords a spirited child and the admiration stirred by a spectacle. "How?" he asked.

"I'll find a way," said Margaret. "I'm not as stupid as you think. I could follow you screaming wherever you went."

"No, you couldn't; you think you could but you couldn't."

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "But there are things I could and would do. If you don't leave tomorrow I give you my word that the next time we dine out I'll get drunk in a way that neither you nor anybody else present will ever forget."

"Yes, that would do it," said Wright appreciatively. "I'll go. There's just one thing, though. Don't coop yourself up while I'm gone. See your old friends. Step out with them. We both know what's the matter with me; try and find out what's left out of you, and if you're ever threatened with a human urge, send me a wire."

"In care of Meg?"

He smiled almost jovially. "Sure. That would be sure to reach me: 'John Wright, care of Meg, Dos Picos Mine, Sonora.'"

Wright did not see Margaret again before he left early the next morning. As on one other night, the night of their first dinner together as man and wife, a true union of spirit and body, if not of mind, had hung over them, hovered its wings as if to settle, and then flown away. Each in his own way had warmed at its approach, remained passively receptive and been conscious of bewilderment when fate at the last moment had refrained from helping those who would not help themselves. In the first instance, through Wright's fault, the specter of Morton had popped up between them out of too shallow a grave. In the second Margaret, softened to a

"Well, Margaret, here's Henry Morton. I forgot to bring

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genuine and unaccustomed humanity, though Wright was thinking too little of her and too much of Ashby to recognize it, had innocently conjured the Dos Picos, ghost of his past, embracing every element in himself to which she was foreign—not forgetting Meg. The result was inescapable; they did not part so much as start out on opposite sides of a high wall.

The transition for Wright was an easy one; it was like throwing a fish back into water. So distinct was the element to which he returned from that which he had left that Margaret and all she stood for were severed from his mind rather than forgotten. To announce his marriage would have savored of an anticlimax, an invitation to buffoonery in the midst of body-racking labor. There was no reason for silence save the silence itself. Had anyone, having heard a rumor, brought up the subject, well and good; since nobody did, he could not. He worked instead; he worked as even he had never worked before. He worked as if his tongue were black with thirst, and labor were a cup of joy.

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

you a been-away present, so I picked him up at the club"

THUS, because of Margaret by indirection, was increase brought to his stature as a man and to his reputation as a reincarnation of Simon Legree. Word had gone out that it was a family job, and they all knew what that meant. No outside help. Back to chain and transit, work they had not done for years. Deliver or die. If you delivered, a fat bonus and a tip when to buy; if you died, a nice funeral at the expense of the company. But he had maligned the camp when he had led Margaret to infer there was no comfortable place to sleep. Larry Matlock, general manager, had sumptuous quarters, and those of the other men were graded nicely to their individual and collective standings.

Wives were taboo for two reasons: danger and general inconvenience. As a result there remained a hierarchy with no amalgam between its grades. Each slept, ate and lived alone except when invited out with due formality. Every man had his boss and the boss and he both knew it—save in only one place, Meg's bar.

Anywhere else it would have been called a club. It was open only to the staff and to such chance visitors as could be classified as white in the cleavage between white and Mex. But once admitted, every man stood on his own two feet and the latest cub was as good as the G. M. himself, if he could make it stick. The by-laws of this retreat, though quaint in the extreme, were as rigid and as rigidly enforced as the regulations of the camp as a whole.

Forbidding from the outside, with its wide, barred door of two-inch studded planks, its interior presented a contrast so soft as to be startling even to those who had known it longest. A large, square room with a beamed ceiling low enough for good cheer. A profusion of cushioned wicker chairs, worn to the shape of the men who used them most, around conveniently low tables. An equal wealth of Navajo blankets for rugs on the floor, and of serapes in place of pictures on the walls. A piano, looking like a wreck but kept always in tune by somebody's labor of love.

Finally the bar itself, taking up two thirds of the western wall. It was shaped like a J lying on its side but with its belly toward the room. Behind this rampart sat Meg enthroned. At its stem end was the door leading to her private quarters, invariably kept locked during hours of business. Outside the curlicue of the J stood the seat of authority, a hickory stool of great height, size and strength. On the walls, neatly spaced between the serapes, were certain homely mottoes embroidered by Meg herself in her spare time. One read, "A dollar is a dollar, so is a dollar bill." It summarized the brand of democracy current in her realm. Another was slightly more cynical but no less pointed: "You can't put love in the bank." There were others, one of them mildly poetical and with an apparent touch of mysticism: "Who buys the key must still win me."

It would have puzzled Margaret to know that Wright, during his entire sojourn of two weeks, never set foot within this tempting interior, but it would have puzzled her far more could she have guessed that his abstinence had no connection whatever with his relations toward herself. The truth was simplicity itself. When it grew too dark to work outside he worked indoors under almost as cruel a glare, until head and eyes went back on him with the finality of a balking mule. Then, bone-tired, he would fall into one bed while Matlock stumbled blindly toward another. He caught sight of Meg only once, and that was across the full width of the dusty main way—since nobody could have called it a street without branding himself a liar. He had hailed her with a friendly wave of an unthrown hand.

"Hello, Meg!"

She had turned with a quick movement. Her fingers had gone to her throat as she stared at his striding figure. Long after he was out of hearing she had answered softly, "Hello, Jack."

IT SHOULD be evident by this time that the separation between Margaret and John did not constitute what he was fond of terming an even break. No separation between a man of action and an inactive woman ever does. In this case, while he abandoned himself to the supreme narcotic of hard labor, she was abandoned to the untender mercies of her imagination. What was her status? How long would he be gone? What if he never came back? If he should return, what would he be like? Would he have changed? Changed from what? How did she remember him even now—as the sum of everything that jarred her sensibilities or as a towering rock upon which she had ignominiously failed to find a finger hold? But when people asked questions she smiled and said he would be back the Friday after next at ten in the evening if his train was on time.

Into this unrest came a lovely *sang de bœuf* vase of the K'ang-Hsi period, bought from a collection she had happened to view on the eve of its dispersal. The gift was unaccompanied by a card, but the donor needed no identification. She beheld it at first with something of the unalloyed joy which John's emerald had first awakened, but presently her lips curved to a smile induced by another thought. This was no mere replacement of a blatant Ming bowl; in its acquisition Henry Morton, for once, must have gone the whole hog.

She weighed her acknowledgment for a long time. Finally she wrote him a note, warm in its appreciation but colorless in form. She would enjoy seeing him but she took care that the initiative should remain entirely on his side. In a way her action was a test. What about him? Had he remained

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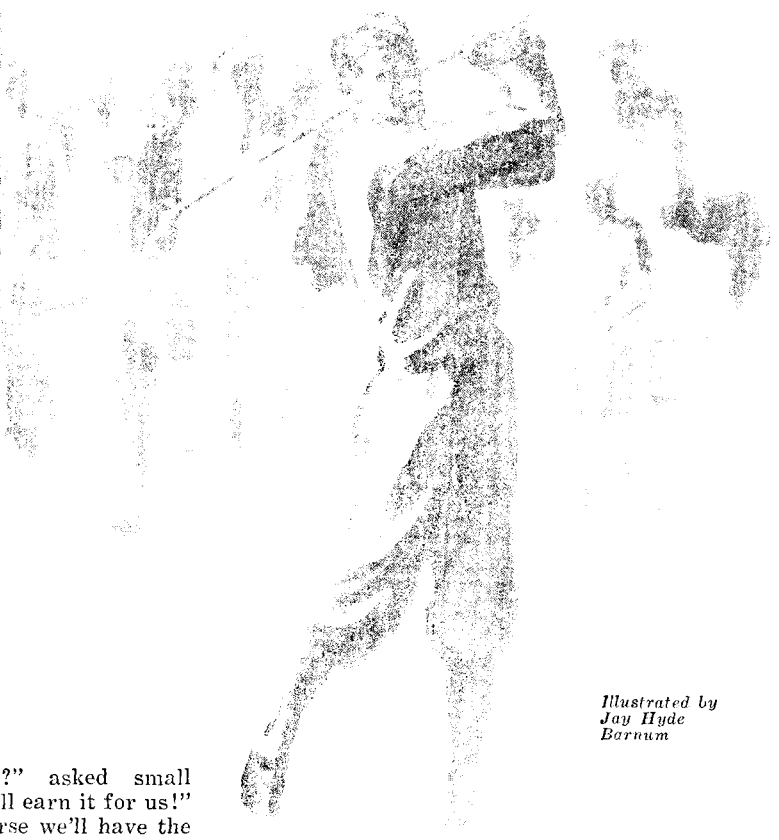
"That money's yours, for your college," said his mother. "I won't have you—"

Sacrifice Play

Should your favorite amateur ever become a pro, just remember this story of Larry Webb, golfer—and have a heart!

By Talbert Josselyn



Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

ALL through his boyhood years Larry Webb had carried before him a single, driving, consuming hope—to play some day in the great state amateur golf championship held yearly on the course that fringed his home town.

The hope had been there when, as a small boy, he had gone to his first championship with his mother; he, a gray-eyed, curly-haired boy wearing a suit more cotton than wool—a suit that showed long wear, and that also showed having been cleaned and home-pressed that day. The hope was still with him now, as a youth finished with high school and working to save money toward the goal of college and the law.

Through all these years the hope had remained only a hope. It had never advanced farther. Yearly had Larry Webb looked upon the passing pageant of the championship as one might look upon a parade, remote and from the outside, from between the pickets of a guarding fence. How could it have been otherwise when the working capital of one's family consisted of the money that came in from a small store—Mrs. L. Webb, Dry Goods and Notions—aided by whatever a boy's efforts might bring?

"GEE, Mother, isn't this fine!" the small Larry Webb had said as, walking with his mother in the gallery, he beheld his first championship. "I'll bet you some day I can play in that, and beat 'em, too."

Here the mother of the boy in the cottony suit had explained, as well as any mother could explain, that there were certain things that one must have in order to play in a state amateur championship, such as membership in a golf club, and leisure time and money. Not that money was the whole thing, but . . .

"But some day we'll have the money, won't we?" asked small Larry. "I'll earn it for us!"

"Of course we'll have the money," said his mother, and thought of the small store, and of the debts that the cheerful and ineffective late Larry Webb, Senior, had left behind. Debts which friends and neighbors of Mrs. Webb had assured her that she oughtn't to pay, which she could get out of somehow, which would be outlawed in time. To which Larry's mother replied that the Webbs always paid their bills, and from the proceeds of the little dry-goods store that she had started she set aside a monthly sum in payment, even though the result might be that small Larry wore a cottony and home-cleaned suit. . . .

The years passed. The first golf club that the schoolboy Larry owned was bought by the two of them, mother and son, in a second-hand store; and the boy's course was in an open field and among the pines at the rear of their cottage. There the small golfer played before breakfast and in all other spare moments of the day; moments indeed spare—the proprietorship of a newspaper route does not give much free time.

ALWAYS, when a tournament was on at the championship course of the great resort lying near the town, and he could get away, young Larry was in the front rank of the watchers, studying the champions, the stylists; studying and studying them, and coming home to copy their styles upon his so-called fairways and his earth greens of handkerchief size.

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Other boys played with him on this continuous hazard of fields and woods, but this was the difference between him and the others from the first: The others played—he practiced.

The number of clubs from the second-hand store grew. Finally, one ecstatic Saturday morning, after a week of discussion with his mother on ways and means, Larry Webb, with his clubs and a lunch and two dollars, accompanied by his closest boy companion, was off for the hotel course for a whole day of golf, played for the first time on real fairways and real greens. And the feeling that kept filling his chest made breathing a thing only accomplished with effort.

THE journeying golfers arrived at the course a whole hour before the caddie master was up, and when that worthy did put in an appearance he studied his first customers of the day with mingled interest and concern.

Said the customers, eyes shining with excitement:

"Here's our two dollars each, and we want to play golf beginning right now; and we can play all day for the two dollars, can't we?"

"Well, now, sure . . . yes," said the caddie master. "But say, now, look here," and lines came on his brow. "I don't know as we want you kids messing around the course, digging up divots and getting in the way."

"Oh, but we won't get in the way!" cried the two golfers. "And we won't dig up divots. Those that we do make, we'll replace. The rules say replace all divots, and we'll replace—"

The caddie master grinned.

"Go to it, kids," he said. "And I hope you break par."

It was a tousled and tired and bewilderedly happy boy who related the day's wonders to his mother that evening at supper. "And, Mother, maybe some other Saturday, when I've got just lots of spare money—why, maybe I could play again. . . ."

There came other Saturdays. Saturdays, it is true, that had great gaps between, and Saturdays, therefore, that were all the more wonderful for this reason. Intimately did the boy, the growing youth, get to know the course; a forest and sea-girt course famed throughout the golfing world for its golfing caliber; a championship course and the tutelage ground for the youthful Larry Webb.

After a number of Saturdays an observant caddie master, noting the eagerness of the boy and the swiftness with which he hauled out his mountain of small change that went to make up the greens fee, allowed him to come early—as early as he wished—and make his payment later in the day. Here Larry Webb came into his own. In these early hours, before the fairways became peopled, he practiced, playing a hole over and over, learning it from every sort of lie and approach; learning its moods in wind and stillness, in heavy conditions and when it was lightning fast.

Then going on to the next and the next. Then, when the day's tide of golfers would begin to rise and flow brightly from the first tee, he would play around the course.

ALWAYS he played the course with one view in mind, whether alone or with opponents; playing it as when somehow, unbelievably somehow, he would be playing in the great state championship. He, Larry Webb. Repeatedly telling himself that if he played the course now as though under championship pressure, he would not fail when the test came—a mirage-far test that kept its distance with the marching years.

Only once in these years had he let his hopes become audible, when, as a senior in high school and grown to a tall, wiry youth with steel-like wrists and hands, he shot the course for the first time under par—playing it from the back tees.

"He sure burned up the course today," said his school companion to the caddie master as they passed the caddie house. "Two under par—and from the back tees."

"He'll be turning pro before you know it," said the caddie master, mixing praise with humor.

Here Larry Webb, a little carried away by the game that he had shot and by the visions that he saw ahead, became vocal.

"No, I'm not thinking of turning pro," said Larry. "You see, I'm thinking of going into the state amateur. That is, sometime," he swiftly added, as he saw the look that had come upon the caddie master's face. "You see," he hastened on, "I'm planning to go to college—sometime, to study law, and then, some day . . . well, you understand, when I belong to some club, I'd like to go into the state amateur here, having watched it and wanted to play in it all these years."

"The law, huh?" said the caddie master. "And then an amateur tournament. It would sure be different if I was you."

"You may be right," said Larry Webb. "But . . . I've been making plans for all these years."

SCHOOL went its graduating way. Larry Webb got a job driving a truck for a construction company. The year wheeled to December.

Truck-driver Webb, nineteen years old and his weekly pay check in his pocket, whistled as he walked through town in the growing dusk. With things breaking for him as they were, he might be in college by next fall. He, Larry Webb! he told himself.

He found that his mouth was dry and that his knees were shaking

In front of a smoke-shop and newsstand he slackened pace to catch the headlines of the local evening paper. . . . A bad storm somewhere. . . . Well, mused Larry, they didn't have bad storms here. . . . He glanced on. . . . Local golf course to be scene of . . .

He stopped, pulse quickening. He stepped to the racked papers; read down the column. He took up one of the papers, entered the store, handed the proprietor a coin, and settled himself to take in the announcement word by word.

Said the proprietor, with that chattiness known to smoke-shop owners as he lit a cigarette and leaned on the counter:

"I see where the hotel has put up a prize for those big-bug professional golfers that are touring the country."

"Yes," said Larry, trying to concentrate on the printed version of the same thing.

"A five-thousand-dollar prize," went on the proprietor. "Fifteen hundred dollars first money and . . ."

"Yes," said Larry, still trying to read. ". . . and seven-fifty for second, I believe it is," went on the other. "And so on. With a medal to the best amateur—they're hoping to get the state champion to compete, and others, to sort of fill it up and make it more exciting. Next Friday and Saturday and Sunday. . . . But it's all in the paper there."

"YES," said Larry, and regretfully thrust the paper into a coat pocket. "So long," he said, and went out into the evening. Unhampered, he would later read the enthralling news; devour it, down to its smallest detail. But this much he had gathered, and he went over and over it as he walked home. . . .

The top professional golfers of the nation, in their annual winter swing to the West Coast to compete in the big-money championships, would be seen in action at the end of the coming week on the hotel course. Several times in the years previous had Larry watched a pair of them play the course, and had thrilled at the sight. Now there'd be twenty or thirty of them, with the best amateurs thrown in for good measure. Four rounds of medal play, one on Friday, one on Saturday, and two on Sunday. He'd watch them all day Sunday; watch them playing over the course he knew so well.

He wondered what they'd do to the course. . . . Probably make a new course record. And deep down somewhere within him he wondered just how much they'd better the score that he had shot the week previous, playing from the long tees in the late afternoon. Playing alone. . . . A sixty-nine. . . . He had said nothing of it; he had learned to say nothing of the scores that he had

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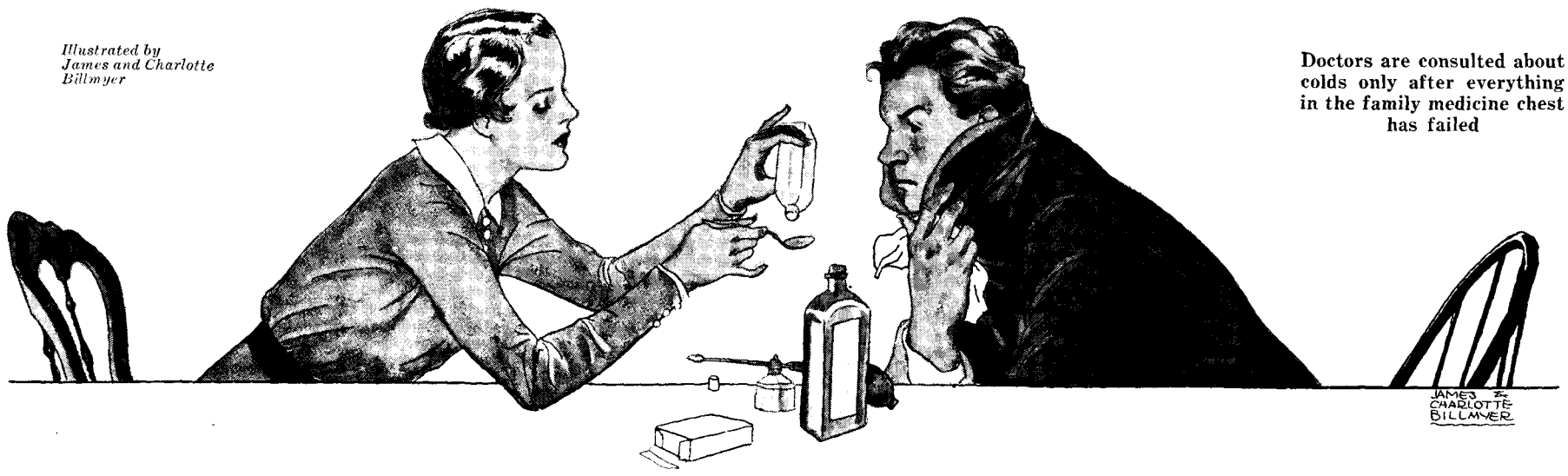
Illustrated by James and Charlotte Billmyer



Doctors are consulted about colds only after everything in the family medicine chest has failed

Cold Comfort

The common cold is still one of our great unsolved mysteries. But our methods of cure and prevention have improved. Here are the new ideas. If you follow them your pet prejudices may suffer, but you're bound to feel better yourself

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M. D.

I HAD made a great hit with one of my few men patients by taking care of a small ailment which he had not been able to make anyone else take seriously. He had been eulogizing me, and I am afraid kidding me considerably, when he suddenly stopped in the middle of something I might have used as a testimonial.

"Look here," he said. "You were pretty good at this little thing. Why can't you take care of other little things? Nobody can prevent or cure colds. Why don't you try your hand at it?"

"Don't be silly," I replied. "I spend most of my life trying to do just that. Don't you know the cold is one of the great unsolved problems in the field of medicine? Ask me to do something easy."

Which, however, doesn't mean that we haven't learned *something* in the past few years, and that we don't see a little light glimmering through the fog of past failures.

We know, for one thing, that what is called a cold is not always an infectious disease. It may be a reaction. We know that a lot of the things we have done in the past to prevent colds are useless; and that we have left undone some of the things we might have done. We know that some of the things we did in the past to check or cure colds were useless, and that more of them were dangerous.

Prejudice dies hard. I was talking to a woman who was bewailing the fact that her children had one cold after another all winter although she did everything in the world to prevent it.

"I give them all a cold shower every morning," she said, "even the baby. And we keep the house very warm. And I see that they are bundled up well when they go out. And I don't have their rooms too cold at night. And I give them all irradiated ergosterol all winter. Now, what more can I do?"

"Well," I said, "you might try omitting the cold shower. And you might have your house not quite so warm. And you might be sure that they are not bundled up *too* much. And you might have them sleep on a sleeping porch. And you might give them Vitamin A, which is the respiratory vitamin, instead of Vitamin D, which is all that is in ergosterol, and which is chiefly good for rickets."

She looked at me in despair. "Are you joking?" she asked.

"No," I said, "I mean it all, and more too. What I really mean is that none of our old ideas has seemed to work, and we might as well try some new ones. I don't believe that colds come in the winter just because the weather is cold, and yet everything we have done in the past has been worked out with that idea."

Too-warm houses and clothing are important causes of colds

"But there *are* more colds in winter."

Colds Are Always in Season

"Of course there are," I admitted, "but I believe that's because of the things we do—the way we live and the way we dress and the way we eat. We live indoors, generally in overheated houses. We dress for cold weather, and then spend most of our time in a hot house. We eat the sort of food a bear would like before he hibernates, and then we don't exercise it off, or sleep it off."

"Give me something definite to do before I go crazy," she begged.

"All right, but don't blame me if it doesn't work," I stalled.

Before I give you the plan we tried out on her children, let me finish the argument on cold versus cold. Probably the best evidence against cold weather as a causative factor in colds is the fact that colds are not infrequent in summer. Also, in very cold, bracing weather there are often fewer colds than in milder weather. And it's common knowledge that we can break all the old rules about drafts and changing the weight of our clothes and taking baths before going out, and nine times out of ten we won't catch cold at all. Of course we may the tenth time, but it doesn't prove anything. If we are in good health and active and in training, we can get away with murder in the matter of mild exposure in the winter-time. Of course the aged and the infirm and infants still need to treat low temperatures with respect.

In the case of these children, all but the oldest boy greeted the suggestion of omitting the cold shower with cheers. The temperature of the house was carefully watched, and not allowed to get over sixty-eight or seventy degrees. Their clothes were varied as to warmth with the variations in the temperature out of doors, and the heaviness of their indoor clothes was considerably reduced. They were given more air in their rooms at night, and they were put on straight, pure, plain cod-liver oil, and given one to two hours out of doors every day at the time when the sun was hottest. They were given a stipulated amount of exercise, not just walking with a nurse, and their diet was considerably modified. They were given more milk, more greens, more fruit and considerably less cream and heavy desserts. And each child was put on a measured amount of water; a quart a day for the older ones, and a pint and a half for the younger ones.

Diet Makes a Difference

The substitution of plain cod-liver oil for ergosterol was made because cod-liver oil is one of the richest sources of the respiratory vitamin, Vitamin A. This vitamin is also found in butter, milk, cheese, egg yolk, liver, kidney, sweetbreads and brain, spinach, carrots, yellow corn and yellow sweet potatoes. It is not destroyed by the temperatures of ordinary cooking, so much of it can also be obtained by a diet containing these foods. We made a point of having the articles which are not a part of the daily diet put in the menu at least once a week.

The system worked well until just after the Christmas holidays, during which time there had been a good deal of breaking of the rules. Then the mother called me up.

"The first cold has started," she wailed. "I guess the charm has broken. What shall I do? I've had the victim spray and gargle and given him a big dose of castor oil. What next?"

"Why didn't you give me the first chance," I complained, "before you started treatment? You've struck some more of my peculiarities."

(Continued on page 33)

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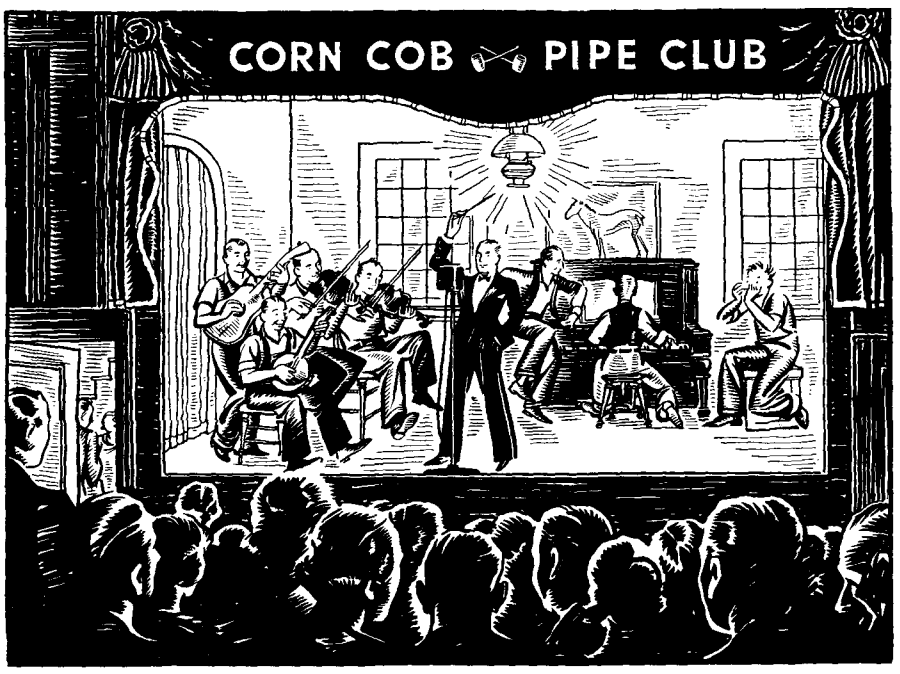
Here are the Facts about Smoking-Tobacco Pleasure



FUN AT THE CROSSROADS HALL

Tune in on the doings of the Corn Cob Pipe Club Wednesday evenings at ten o'clock

When we decided to put on a radio program for Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco, we sought for something *different*.

And we found it. You'll know that the moment you hear Pat Binford call "Hello, customers!" You'll hear him as master of ceremonies of the Corn Cob Pipe Club every Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock (Eastern Time) over a coast-to-coast NBC network. This program brings to you a group of happy country folks, singing together and having a grand old time at the old Virginia Crossroads Hall.

Join them next Wednesday evening

See if you can keep your feet still while the Old Timers fiddle the good old dance tunes. Listen to beautiful spirituals sung by the Tobacco Boys. Let good old Squire Hix read to you some of the happy verses Edgeworth smokers compose and send to him. And above all, let Bob Beadles tell you how to become a member of the Club. This program comes from Richmond, Virginia, sometimes called "The Tobacco Capital of the World."

How to Choose Your Next Pipe

A few hints to help you get more pipe-smoking pleasure

Highly important in determining the amount of pleasure you will get from pipe smoking is the pipe you choose.

When you're looking over an assortment of pipes, select one that fits your face, that feels right in your mouth. In other words, find a pipe that has a comfortable "set" to it. Stems vary in length and shape. Some stems will fit your teeth, and some won't. This has more to do with your smoking pleasure than you'd think. Look closely into this matter of the stem.

Reasons for owning several pipes

Another thing, don't smoke the same pipe all the time. Have several. We frequently get letters from Edgeworth smokers who have as high as 25 to 35 pipes. We have one letter from a man who has 75 pipes. He says he keeps them all sweet and "good-natured" with Edgeworth. From time to time change off to a different pipe. And never, never refill and smoke any pipe while it is still hot. And above all, don't buy one of those cheap pipes with *varnish* inside the bowl. You want to smoke tobacco—not varnish.

For Wives Only

What does a man's fancy turn to when he's away from home? Into what fields do his thoughts roam? Excitement? Diversion? Gaiety? Not at all—in our opinion. Most men's thoughts seem to turn to the comforts and pleasures of home, to an eager anticipation of getting back again to quiet, restful family life.

Perhaps we're so sure of this because the men we know are for the most part pipe smokers—and pipe smokers are generally home folks. There's something about a pipe that makes men contented, relaxed, tranquil. It's a pleasure smoke, not a nervous habit smoke.

Would you like your husband to know the contentment of a pipe? Then do this: send us the coupon at the right, with ten cents. We will forward you a sample packet of Edgeworth and a fresh corn cob pipe in which he can give this fine old burley blend a fair trial, unmixed with other tobacco flavors. If you O. K. this idea, clip and mail the coupon.

We propose a little flavor test that you may not have tried before

As more and more men turn to pipe smoking, there is a rising demand for the plain facts on tobacco quality.

The difficulty with buying an inferior or low-grade brand is that the smoker fails to get the full pleasure to which he is entitled. "Cheap" tobacco, like an unfaithful friend, soon wears out its welcome and leaves behind it a trail of regrets.

The costly brand is an economic mistake. For now it is possible to get the best there is in smoking tobacco without paying an unreasonable price.

Try This Test of True Flavor

You will "get" the flavor of Edgeworth in *any* pipe. Nevertheless it is true that every pipeful of tobacco, whether Edgeworth or other brands, leaves a faint trace of flavor in the bowl. So in order that you may experience the true, *unmixed* flavor of Edgeworth, we want to send you a fresh, wholesome corn cob pipe, together with a good-sized trial packet of Edgeworth.

We ask you to send ten cents simply to be sure that people who write in are really interested. So, clip the coupon and make this test. It may bring you new smoking pleasure for life.

A better quality of tobacco cannot be grown than the top-of-the-market burley that goes into Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. The Edgeworth blend is unlike any other. And Edgeworth costs no more than other good brands.

We hope you will buy a tin of Edgeworth at your dealer's and discover Edgeworth flavor for yourself. Or, if you prefer, let us send you our little flavor-testing outfit. The package contains a good-sized trial packet of Edgeworth and an old fashioned corn cob pipe. Try the Edgeworth in the new corn cob pipe, where there is no chance for Edgeworth flavor to be changed by the cake of other tobaccos. If pleased, buy yourself a regular pipe (see column 1) and continue to smoke Edgeworth. If not, return to other brands.

The tobacco, pipe, tax, packing and postage cost us 26 cents. We ask you to send 10 cents for it as evidence of your sincerity. Here are two coupons, one for men and one for women interested in men's happiness.

MEN CLIP HERE

LARUS & BRO. CO., 101 S. 22d St. Richmond, Va.

Enclosed is 10¢. Please send me the corn cob pipe and sample packet of Edgeworth. I'd like to try the true flavor of Edgeworth. (Please PRINT name and address plainly.)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

LADIES CLIP HERE

LARUS & BRO. CO., 101 S. 22d St. Richmond, Va.

Enclosed is 10¢. Please send me the corn cob pipe and a sample packet of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. I will ask him to give Edgeworth a fair trial. (Please PRINT name and address plainly.)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Put EDGEWORTH *in your pipe and smoke it*

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He had to come Back

Continued from page 17

dinner. When they had eaten Johnny Gamp showed Henry his room. Henry sat up three hours writing a letter to Elsie Ashley. It took a week for her letter to come back. But after that he had a letter every week.

Henry worked all winter, chopping wood and learning how to draw and shoot. The revolver was never far from his hand. It lay, empty, on the table at the head of his bed while he slept. When he awoke he picked the revolver up and aimed it at the ink bottle on the bureau at the other end of the room and snapped it five times. He dressed and put on the belt and holster and practiced the fast draw for a few minutes before he went down to breakfast.

He loaded the revolver before he started out. As he walked along toward the clearing where he had left the axe he would give himself the signal and draw and shoot. He shot a great deal at blocks of wood three or four inches square. When he stopped chopping at noon to eat his lunch he shot forty or fifty shots.

Johnny Gamp told him not to try for speed of fire at first. "Draw as fast as you can," Johnny Gamp said, "and then draw faster. But don't shoot so fast you don't get hits. It's no use shooting at all unless you get hits. You can't take the time a target shooter takes but you've got to hit things the size of a man's hand four times out of five at fifteen feet."

As he got better Johnny Gamp made him shoot at blocks of wood thrown in the air. He practiced stepping inside the gun that was pointed at him, pushing the other gun away with a quick backhand stroke of the left and firing with the right hand.

"Of course," Johnny Gamp said, "if the fellow who's got the drop on you knows enough to hold his gun close to his body you can't step inside it."

WHEN summer came Henry graduated to the .44. It didn't take long to get used to the way the gun jumped in his hand and there was something deeply gratifying in the way it spoke—in the crashing roar of it.

In the autumn Henry asked Johnny Gamp if he could take the flivver and go on a two weeks' vacation.

Johnny Gamp looked Henry up and down. "Henry," he said, "you've worked hard and you've learned a lot. But I think you'd better take another year before you meet that guy."

"You think I can't shoot," Henry said.

"You're pretty good," Johnny Gamp said. "You're a lot better than I thought you'd be. But one year isn't enough. You know yourself it isn't enough to get down to your best speed."

"I'm faster than most men," Henry said. "And mostly when I shoot I get hits."

"Yes," Johnny Gamp said, "I'll say that for you. When you shoot you get hits."

"Mostly," Henry said, "on the fast draw and when I have a full load I get five hits."

"You want to see that girl," Johnny Gamp said.

"Yes," Henry said, "I want to see the girl."

"Well, Henry," Johnny Gamp said, "you take the flivver. You bring the girl back with you. And, Henry—remember—don't get mad. Don't lose your temper. When you get mad it slows up your draw. You got to shoot just as if he was blocks of wood. You've got to forget he's a man and not get mad."

"I'll remember," Henry said. "I won't get mad."

Henry drove back across Montana, across Dakota. Henry got in one sunny autumn morning and put up at the Central House and had a bath and changed his clothes. He buckled on the wide belt with the holster designed by Johnny Gamp for the fast draw. It was the kind that's open right down the front so you jerk the gun straight forward without having to raise it. The belt can be high enough so the gun doesn't show below your coat.

HENRY looked over his revolver. It was a heavy .44 with target sights. It had stocks of ivory, not because ivory is ornamental but because Johnny Gamp said it had the best feel of anything he'd ever tried for revolver grips. The right-hand grip had a steer's head and horns in high relief on it, not because Henry had any money to spend on embellishment but because the carving helped to fill the hollow of his hand and give a better hold.

Henry took five cartridges with man-stopper bullets ahead of a good stiff load of smokeless powder and filled five chambers of the cylinder. He let the hammer down on the sixth and empty chamber. He put the gun in the holster. He was ready.

There was a knock on the door. "Come in," Henry said.

Jake Rounds appeared in the doorway. He came in and shut the door behind him.

"Henry," Jake Rounds said, "you shouldn't have come. He knows you're here. Everybody in town knows you're here."

"That's good," Henry said.

Jake Rounds saw the gun. "Henry," he said slowly, "I guess I'd better arrest you. I guess you might be safe in jail."

"I'd rather not," Henry said.

Jake reached for his hip pocket. But he was slow. With the smooth, quick motion he'd learned from Johnny Gamp, Henry put the muzzle of his big revolver in the pit of Jake's stomach before Jake really grasped the gun in his hip pocket.

"All right, Henry," Jake Rounds said. "All right—if that's the way you feel."

Henry walked down Main Street to the library. Elsie Ashley was sitting at the desk.

She half rose in her chair. "Henry," she said, "I told you not to come. I told you I'd meet you anywhere you said."

"Tag, Mrs. Blodget!" *Laurence Reynolds*

"I know," Henry said. "But I wanted to come here."

"But he'll kill you, Henry," she said. "He really will. He's told people he would. And everybody says he shot Butch Winkler. They can't prove it. But everybody knows he did."

"I know," Henry said.

"He'll kill you," Elsie Ashley said.

"He may," Henry said. "But it's more likely I'll kill him. I'm probably about as fast as he is now. I've learned to shoot."

SHE let him walk down the street with her. She felt that he was safe as long as it was broad daylight. She let him walk with her down Main Street and out Elm Street. But she said she wouldn't marry him unless he left town before dark.

They stood at Mrs. Bains' gate.

"Henry," Elsie Ashley said, "this is the end—unless you go now—this is the end. I won't have you shot and—"

"You don't seem to realize that I may shoot first," Henry said. He patted the gun under his coat on his hip. You don't seem to realize that I may kill him."

"I won't marry you," Elsie Ashley said. "If you shoot him I never want to see you again."

They argued it so bitterly that neither of them saw the long, low black car coming down the street. They only saw it when it stopped and Greek Johnny got out. He was sleek. He was so sleek Henry couldn't figure out where he carried his automatic pistol.

"Jack," he said to Henry, "I don't like your looks."

Henry stood there staring at him. Greek Johnny stared back. For half a second the tension grew tighter and tighter. And then Greek Johnny reached inside his coat.

Henry knew exactly what to do. Henry knew the quick, smooth motion that brings the gun out of the holster and makes it roar before you have time to gasp. But Henry was too mad. Henry had waited too long to get his hands on Greek Johnny. His gun didn't roar. There was no sound as Greek Johnny reached for his gun but the scrape of Henry's foot on the sidewalk and the smack of a hard fist on Greek Johnny's jaw.

Greek Johnny went down. Greek Johnny went down and the flat, black automatic fell on the sidewalk at Henry's feet. Henry stooped and picked it up and threw it over the fence into the shrubbery. Greek Johnny lay white and still.

"Oh, Henry," Elsie Ashley cried. "You didn't shoot," she said. "You didn't kill him!"

Henry stood there staring at her. He was so disappointed in himself he forgot the man lying on the ground behind him. How could he ever explain himself to Johnny Gamp?

"No, Elsie," Henry said slowly, "I didn't shoot. I just hit him a good punch in the jaw. I guess—I guess I'm not a killer after all."

And then Elsie Ashley screamed. She screamed piercingly: "Henry! Look out!"

HENRY whirled and as he whirled he drew. With the smooth, fast motion he had learned so well, Henry drew. Greek Johnny was fifteen feet away and slipping behind a tree and he was pointing a flat, black automatic pistol at Henry.

Henry shot at the hand that held the pistol just as he'd so often shot at a block of wood about that size.

The flat pistol jumped out of Greek Johnny's hand as the roar of Henry's .44 reverberated down the quiet street. Greek Johnny bent down, holding his right hand in his left, holding his right hand between his knees. He groaned through shut teeth.

"I might have known you'd have two pistols on you," Henry said. "I guess I'm dumb."

Henry cut the man's coat sleeve off. The bullet had struck in the heel of his hand and traveled up his arm to the shoulder, cutting a wide swath in the flesh. The blood from an artery came spurting out.

Henry was putting on a tourniquet when Jake Rounds came tearing down the street in his flivver with half the town behind him.

Of course the town wanted them to stay. They promised Henry they'd see that he was safe. But Henry said he'd rather go back West. He said he'd rather be a foreman on Johnny Gamp's ranch. And Elsie Ashley said she'd have to go where Henry went.

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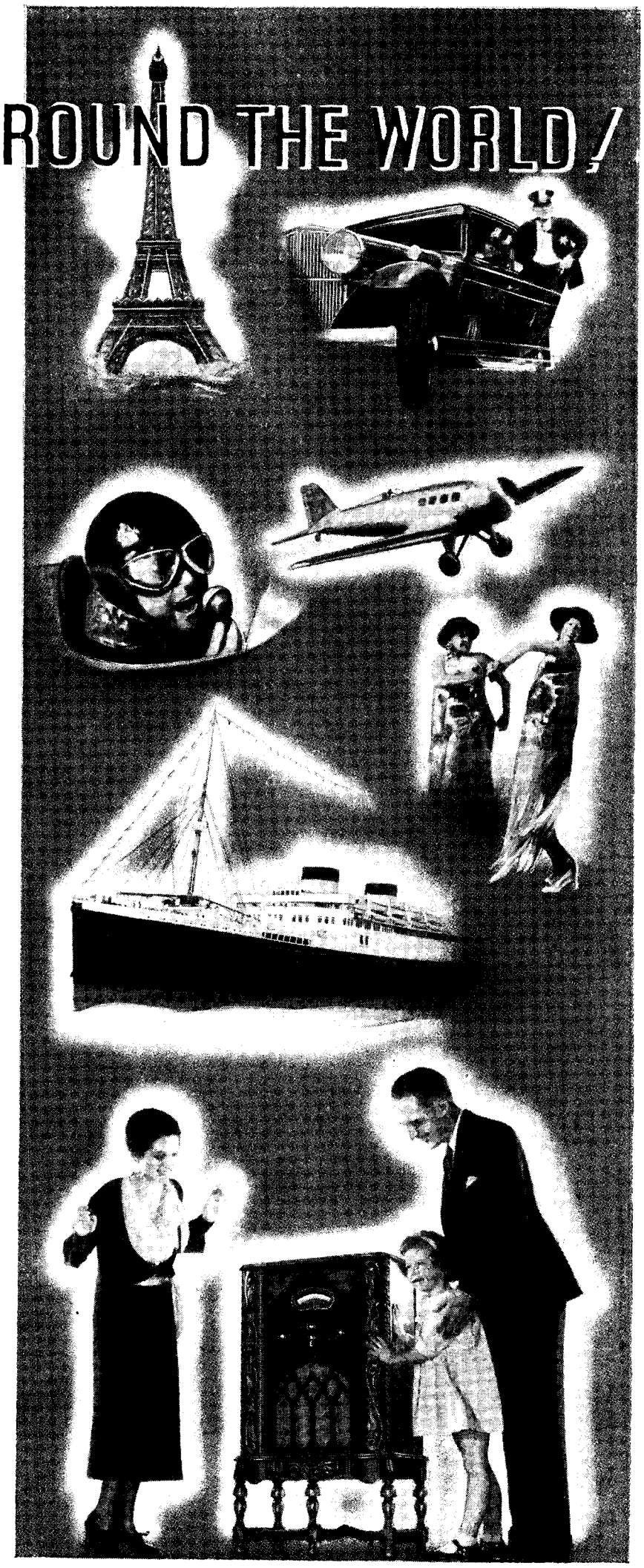
. . *Thrilling* AS A MIRACLE FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD!



THE MAGIC DIAL

STARTLING—MYSTERIOUS—FASCINATING

Radio's Latest, Greatest Development

Here is new radio magic! This marvelous set not only brings you new, startling reception of your *present* favorite programs, but *ALSO* opens up the whole *NEW* world of fascinating and thrilling entertainment—broadcast today over *short* waves.

Flip the Wonder Knob and in a flash you can turn from your regular programs—and pick up stations the average radio listener never hears. You can listen in on dramatic police calls—exciting conversations between airplanes and airports—hear the colorful entertainment broadcast from ships far at sea—and, when radio conditions are favorable, get the supreme thrill of tuning in *direct* broadcasts from Foreign stations located all over the world.

Here is drama—enthralling magic—that ordinary radios can not give because it is below their receiving range. Yet Stewart-Warner puts it *all* at your command with the "Magic Dial"—and at a *lower* price than asked for radios *without* this latest, most startling development.

Hear what it does—See how it works—at your nearest Stewart-Warner dealer. Thrill to radio performance two years ahead of the times. Write for descriptive booklet.

Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago, and Belleville, Ontario, Canada

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Stewart-Warner "Magic Dial" Round-the-World Radios—equipped with powerful new superheterodyne 11-tube circuit, incorporating all the latest developments—are available in a selection of magnificent consoles as low as $119.75

Standard wave console models priced from .. $68.95

All prices slightly higher in the West and in Canada

STEWART-WARNER *Radio*

SEE THE MARVELOUS NEW STEWART-WARNER ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

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Those Incredible Barrymores!

★★ revealed at last — by JOHN BARRYMORE himself

IF Uncle John Drew knew about this he'd turn over in his grave. For the inside story of the Barrymores has been written at last —and by no less a biographer than John Barrymore himself, the wag of the family.

Gently mocking the hallowed traditions of the theatre, Brother John admits that he and Lionel are proud to be movie actors, tells how they persuaded Ethel to join them in a picture, and what a swell time they've had making it.

With a shrug for convention and a wink at the past, he presents the other side, so to speak, of the celebrated Barrymore profile. It is a piece of magnificent kidding; a droll confession of many early misdemeanors, a racy succession of anecdotes that makes the keyhole peeping of Hollywood's gossip mongers seem trivial and tame.

Nobody but John Barrymore could write such a story and get away with it. Yet beneath his breezy revelations there glows a warm brotherly regard for Lionel, to whom he pays gallant tribute, and for Ethel—"the sweetest, kindest, most generous sister a man could have." And every word of this story comes to you just as John Barrymore wrote it. It rambles, it is not a "professional job of writing"—but as you read it you'll agree that it is the maddest, most enjoyable story you ever read, of the most incredible family of stars on the American stage.

* * *

Among the other features in the February AMERICAN MAGAZINE are: the revelations of a political boss, a lively article about "Little Things That Hurt Business," an interview with Larry Sutton (who has bought a million dollars' worth of men for big league baseball), a striking word portrait of Justice Holmes, and fiction by Kathleen Norris, Clarence Budington Kelland, Fannie Kilbourne, Tom Gill, Robert Carse, P. G. Wodehouse and Peter B. Kyne. Get your copy today at any newsstand.

Out Today

24 features in the big February issue

The American Magazine

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Sacrifice Play

Continued from page 21

made when playing alone; eyebrows had gone up and unbelieving smiles had creased faces too often in the past when he mentioned it. . . .

Now the great golfers of the world were to unroll their wizardry before him, and he would watch. It was indeed a fair, happy land he lived in.

"Hello, Mother," he said as he came into the house. Then the cheerfulness died out of his voice, and he stood looking at his mother where she sat holding a letter in her hand.

"Why, Mother!" said Larry. "What's the matter?" Swiftly he leaned over and put his arms around her.

"It's . . . it's all right," said his mother, and she essayed a smile. She indicated the letter. "It's merely a letter from a friend of your father's from whom your father once borrowed. He's desperately in need of the money. Seven hundred and some odd dollars it comes to. I don't know exactly where I'll get it, but I'll get it."

"Sure. Of course we'll get it," said Larry. "Why, we've got that money of mine in the bank, and—"

"That's yours, for your college!" said his mother. "I won't have you—"

"It's yours," said Larry. "Everything's yours. That will pay part." He fought down the agonizing knowledge that with this money would go his chances of college for another year. He fought it down, and he went on: "That will pay part, and somehow we can raise more. Somehow . . ."

He stopped. Stopped as though he had been struck in the face by a fist. By a fist that seemed insanely to do two things at once—to numb all his faculties and yet at the same time set them whirring wildly into motion. It left him trembling, sick; in one instant it destroyed all that he had built up through the hoping years; it smashed the future into dust—and it furnished a way out. A way out. . . . Money.

TRUCK-DRIVER Larry Webb in his best suit of clothes slowly entered the publicity-room of the big hotel, and a tightness was in his throat.

Two men were in the room, one seated at a desk, the other smoking a cigar on a settee in the corner.

"Yes?" said the man at the desk, looking up.

"I . . . I wanted to see about this open championship that the hotel is having," said Larry Webb. "The one with the five thousand dollars, at the end of the week."

"Yes?" pursued the man at the desk.

"I wanted to see about entering it," said Larry. "I'd like to go in as a professional, although I've never played that way before."

The man at the desk smiled deprecatingly and put down his pencil.

"I'm afraid I don't see exactly where you fit in. The championship is for regular pros or amateurs. . . . You don't belong to any golf club, do you?"

"No," said Larry.

"Well, then, I don't see how we could . . ."

Larry Webb swallowed; took a step closer to the desk. Then, swept along by desperate, driving need, he cast off all restraint and poured out his tale; a tale of years long; poured it out in full, to the very end. "I've got to get into this tournament," he concluded. "Just got to, even if I don't win more'n fifty dollars."

Now that he had finished, he found that his mouth was dry, dry; and that his knees were shaking.

The man at the desk continued to look at him. The man on the settee, who had let his cigar go out during the telling, now rose and came toward him.

"Good kid!" he said. "And you'd pass up your amateur golf to take a chance at the toughest pros in the game—to win maybe fifty dollars?"

"Yes," said Larry.

"You'd better let him go in," said the man with the dead cigar to the man at the desk. "He's earned his chance."

The other pursed his lips and hesitated.

"Besides," continued he of the cigar, "think of the story. And you owe me some sort of a story for the write-up I've given your hotel." He turned to Larry. "I'm a newspaper writer, traveling around to these championships doing feature stuff. Give him your name, kid, and pay your five dollars entrance fee—and the luck of the blind go with you!"

ON THAT following Friday afternoon, Larry Webb and his partner—a youthful bush-league pro of a nine-hole course—watched the great in golf make their initial drives and go striding away. Then—

"Larry Webb on the tee!"

In an unreal world, with trees and earth and sky fantastically closing in upon him and jumping away again, Larry Webb, nineteen, stepped up to his ball and drove. Hooked it; sent it swift and wide to the far corner of the dog-leg fairway, where it struck, bounced, struck and bounced again, where it plumped to a stop in dusty rough a hair's breadth within bounds.

Swiftly he walked to it, jaw set, tried to pitch out from stuff that was like ashes, and plopped into a trap; banged from this trap across sloping, keen fairway down into the pit that was the right-side guardian of the narrow green; exploded out only to the green's edge; putted short; putted again, and the ball just managed to drop in.

A six. A six on a par four hole.

He and the young pro partner walked to the number two tee.

"Take it easy, kid," said the young pro. The young pro had bagged a par, although he had never before played the course.

Larry Webb gave him a queer twisted smile, then looked ahead, down the fairway of the long number two hole. And as he looked, the feel of real earth began again to come under his feet. The old number two hole, familiar through the years!

He drove straight and true. Came up to his shot, plucked grass and dropped it, testing the wind. . . . The wind was a little behind. . . . Took out the spoon . . . shot, carrying the ravine . . . onto the apron . . . the green . . . past the pin. Would the thing never stop? Fast green was right!

He took his time coming up to the ball. He sighted the putt. A chance—a long chance—for an eagle three. But if it slid past the hole it would go on and on; he knew that skiddy patch of grass on the lower side. No; go for the birdie four instead.

He went for it. The ball stopped just by the cup. A four it was.

Larry Webb . . . his course. Firm ground once more under his feet!

Of the three names sent out over the wires that evening—the names of the three golfers who had tied for low score in the first round of the hotel course championship—two were those of nationally known professionals, and the

(Continued on page 32)

"Father, it's time you took life easy" *said* George Ackerman

—— AND THE EQUITABLE CASE METHOD SHOWED THE ONE PLAN EXACTLY FITTED TO THE NEEDS OF THIS FAMILY

"You're 65. We three children are grown and self-supporting. We don't need your money. Why don't you invest it so you can get the largest guaranteed income from it for the rest of your life?"

The other members of the family agreeing, somebody thought of Equitable service as a way, and it was decided to get this company's suggestions.

Our representative studied the case, analyzing it in accordance with the Equitable Case Method. He learned that the exact amount available was $15,000. Out of many possible forms of policy, taking into account all the conditions, he recommended an Equitable Life Annuity.

This guaranteed to Mr. Ackerman an annual income of $1620.15 for life. It meant a peaceful and secure old age for him, one in which he could afford some of the modest luxuries. (Contrast this sure income of $1620 with the return of only $750 if the capital had been placed in 5% securities.)

That is how the Equitable Case Method found the right answer to the Ackerman problem.

The Equitable Case Method gives you a made-to-your-measure life insurance program

There are many people today, men and women, in Mr. Ackerman's position, for whom an annuity would be suitable. On the other hand there are many more, such as younger men raising families, for whom other forms of Equitable policies would be more appropriate. But in any case the individual's needs are studied and a plan is recommended to fit.

This is what is meant by the Case Method, the professional system in which Equitable representatives are trained. It is based on a study of many factors—your age, vocation, income, investments, your wife's age, the number and ages of your children, etc.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR—JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY—PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL—COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States 33C
Thomas I. Parkinson, *President*. 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

I am interested in your "Case Method" of adapting life insurance to specific needs. Kindly send explanatory booklet.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... AGE

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(Continued from page 31)

third was that of a wholly unknown youth named Larry Webb.

Among those making comment was the feature writer: ". . . The kid, playing the course as though he were in his own back yard" . . . And went on to give a description of Larry Webb's play, concluding with ". . . of course, this is only the first round, and often before have kids blazed high in their first round only to fall like dead sticks in the later ones."

In the second round, Larry Webb continued to play as though he were still in his own back yard, and parts of the gallery trooping after their favorites, paused where the course turned back on itself, to watch him play the famous ocean chasm hole.

"Let's just see what this kid's got," said they.

It was a hole that demanded a blind drive from down on a low cliff overhanging white, thunderous waters, up onto a grassy plateau; not too strong a drive, lest the ball give fatal leap from turf and go plunging down over brink into the chasm where the waves came lapping in to make a U-shaped cove; and yet a drive so strong that one's second shot could go whistling high and true across the chasm to drop down upon the cupped green, hanging nest-like above the farther cliffs.

THE gallery saw. It saw Larry Webb drive with a spoon, to position on the plateau; saw him take an iron and, in a northerly cross wind so punishing at this spot if it got its shoulder under the ball and shoved it seaward, saw him send his shot over the chasm to hang breathlessly high and long above the waters and come dropping down upon the trough-like opening of the green, where it kicked, rolled and came to rest on the low side of the hole. And a volley of applause rose from those banked above the grass.

Larry Webb, across the chasm, glanced here and there to see whom they might be applauding—and threw his head back in surprise. They were applauding him. The first applause that he had ever received. He flushed, and seemed to pull a wall closer about him; he, who had played this course so often alone. . . . Still playing it alone.

He finished late that afternoon, one stroke ahead of all the others. He, Larry Webb, the unknown, at the halfway mark leading all the field.

Now no longer the unknown. A handshaking gallery gave him noisy cheer and advice:

"All you got to do now is to last two more rounds." . . . "Wouldn't it be a pip if he came through?" . . . "Yeah, and against all these big pros." . . . "Say, kid, we'll be watching you tomorrow and giving you a hand!"

The gallery, telling Larry Webb all that it shouldn't have told him; reminding him of the two more rounds, of the tremendous opposition, of its own noisy, pressing presence. Telling him that now, instead of an outside chance, he had an even chance for the money—big money. Fifteen hundred dollars to him, Larry Webb. Fifteen hundred dollars.

All that had been nebulous and hazy in the distance now drew close and breath-takingly clear. He might . . . he might win. With difficulty he went to sleep that night.

When he teed up for the third round the next morning, a golf ball was not the only thing before him. . . . And he was in trouble from the start. He pulled himself out; magnificently he pulled himself out, to fall in again and again. He was no longer playing the course—the course he knew so well—but playing against each and every opponent on it. A wind had come up during the night, a southwester, presaging a storm. The great pines along the course moaned and sighed and threshed; the ocean, seen from the cliffs, was gray-green, ribbed with white. The wind battered.

LARRY WEBB, who knew the course better than any, forgot this knowledge in the fear of what the others might be doing, overlooking that they too might be having their troubles. Time and again he tried to overplay the course, to force it, and the course turned on him, showing its teeth like an animal; he fought the course, and the course fought him. He was in one ghastly lie after another; he rose to heights, getting himself out, and plunged in once more.

His sprinkling of a gallery dwindled, fell away.

Said the gallery pundits, those who are always in on the know—the ones who delight in coming up to their gallery neighbor and telling him behind a hand, in happily shocked tones, "I've just heard that so-and-so took a nine on such-and-such a hole!" as they might say "I've just heard that Steel is down

"Show Mrs. Peabody your license to carry a gun, dear!"

George Shellhase

six points." . . . "Fearful, what? Gone, quite gone"—and these wise ones of the game, watching the struggling boy, Larry Webb, "Knew he wouldn't last. Blown. He'll be throwing his clubs into the sea in a moment. Let's go." And they went.

Larry Webb struggled on. He finished. He heard, or rather he did not hear the voices of the commiserators saying, "Tough luck, kid. Tough luck," and the voice of the newspaper feature writer, accompanied by a hand on a shoulder, saying, "Tough going, boy; well, you did your best."

He walked away, sat down under a tree and tried to eat his lunch—the lunch that his mother had put up—but his mouth was so dry that he could not swallow. He rose and walked down to the eighteenth green, where it lay above a rocky shore, and he continued on above the curving crests of cliffs, the surf thumping green and white below. Evening. . . . He came to the eighteenth tee, to the seventeenth green; his feet still took him on and on.

Familiar, one-time happy country. Country that he had known through all his boyhood years. . . . On and on. . . . And as he walked, with the feel of springy turf beneath his feet, with the roar of the ocean in his ears, with the wind coming sweet and salty to his nostrils—all the old, familiar things—slowly down within him the horrible tautness that had gripped him like a vise began to give way; and again he began to breathe deeper than just in his throat.

On he went, drinking in the anodyne of earth and sea and sky. And now, so close was he to all of these, that it was as though he could hear the course telling him, "Listen, now, Larry Webb, what did you go and do that for? You knew better than that; you've known me all these years. Nobody can crowd me. But now that's all over. And, listen, kid, I want to tell you something. . . . Kid, are you listening? Stop a minute; put your ear close. I'm telling you something. Telling you something. . . . Kid, are you listening?"

And Larry Webb stopped, and smiled, and said, "Sure, I'm listening," and then went on again; going on as a man who walks, awake, and yet who is in a land of vision.

So he walked to the end of the course, turned, and came back; and at the first tee he heard them calling out his name. Calling it out for the final, fourth round.

"Larry Webb, on the tee. Larry Webb, on the . . . Oh, there you are. Didn't know but what you might have quit and . . ." The announcer broke sharply off to stare at him; and later the announcer told himself, "Say, he looked just as though he had been doped."

LARRY WEBB stepped up and drove. He pitched to the green. He putted, and his putt went down. And as it went down he said aloud: "O. K. Sure. Just as you said it would." Talking aloud to himself. . . . To himself?

He was on the long second hole in two, as on the first day with its first round, and this time he went for the eagle three, and the putt fell, and again he nodded, talking aloud.

So he played the course, and the news of the manner of his playing went over it as grapevine wireless news goes, so that where the course turned back on itself at the chasm hole, a bank of gallery was gathered, and rippling comment went along with spat-spat of hands as he made his play, but he was no more conscious of those there than the earth and the sea and the sky were conscious.

So he went on, and the afternoon drew to a close; the wind died down, the ocean calmed, sea fowl went slowly winging homeward in great, long lines above the water. He and his partner came to the last tee. All the other contestants had finished, save those who were just ahead, playing up to the final green, about which the gallery was gathered. He stood on the tee above the waters, looked up the curving fairway, and made his drive. He played his long second; pitched to the green; was down in one short putt.

The silence that had hung above the waiting throng was broken by a low-pitched voice from one in the front rank, swiftly asking, through cupped hand, of Larry Webb's partner: "What did he shoot?"

And Larry Webb's partner, his face a study, held up six fingers, then held up seven. Supplemented his sign language by calling "Sixty-seven." Then made slow sweeping gestures indicative of all that this might mean.

There was a buzz, a ripple, a welling exchange of question. "Shot what? . . . What did he say? . . . A sixty-seven. A sixty . . . Why, that's a course . . . That's a course record!" There was a roar, a wild shove and haul, a crackling cry as someone made swift casting-up of total scores: "He's done it! The kid's done it! He wins first place by a stroke!"

They took his picture; they interviewed him; the pros came up and shook his hand—men whose game was a trade, taking this unknown youth's victory like those who had bid on a job and who had not quite got it, but who would bid on others and who would get their share. "Good kid," they said. "You played sweet golf." And, "Your luck was in. When a man's luck is in, nobody can stop him."

To which Larry Webb said, as though still moved by unseen forces, "Thanks. . . . Thanks! . . . But it wasn't me. It was the course." Finally he said, "If you don't mind, I'd like to go now, so that I can tell my mother. She'll be waiting."

LATER, he had only a dim remembrance of how he got home. Things managed to clear in a degree when he entered the gate and saw his mother standing in the doorway.

"I won," he said simply. And, after a long, tremulous moment as they stood there in each other's arms, "Oh, Mother, I won. . . . I won!"

They sat long on a couch in front of a fire.

"That finishes the past," said Larry Webb.

"It begins the future," said his mother. And she added: "In your college senior year you can go into the state amateur. Three years of no tournaments. Does that seem too long to wait?"

He sat upright.

"In three years? You mean the officials will let me play in the state amateur after three years? How do you know?"

"My dear, small boy," she said, "did you think I'd let you go in for the money if it meant entirely throwing away all that you'd hoped for, without ever getting a chance at it? I telegraphed the golf officials."

Laughter is at times the only way out.

"Gee!" said Larry Webb. "I hadn't dared to ask anybody about it. I was afraid it might be for keeps."

They were silent. Then once more Larry Webb spoke:

"It's funny. Now that I've played in one tournament—and now that I know I can go into the state—somehow it doesn't seem as important as it once did."

"That's the way of life," said his mother.

They sat looking into the fire, with the understanding comradeship of many years. And Larry Webb, wheeling his mind through the past and down the future, smiled and said:

"But life can be mighty happy, can't it?"

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Cold Comfort

Continued from page 22

There is certainly no human complaint which receives more self-treatment than the cold. A nice alibi for the doctors would be that the reason we haven't gotten very far with colds is that we are seldom given a chance to treat them from the start. By the time a cold is bad enough to be taken to a doctor everything in the family medicine chest has first been tried to cure it. But we are too noble to use this alibi.

Spraying and gargling should be done with care. Even an adult should be taught to spray properly, or he runs the risk of transferring the infection from his nose to his sinuses. As for castor oil, what's the use of upsetting an already disturbed system, and robbing it of water which it badly needs? Ask your doctor what laxative he prefers, or whether he likes an enema better. He will probably not suggest castor oil.

How to "Wash-out" a Cold

The old remedies for a cold were planned to "dry it up." They consisted of the dehydrating drugs, camphor, quinine, belladonna. The theory was that if the symptoms were an excess of fluid in the eyes and nose, drying up this fluid should help. We work on exactly the opposite theory now. If the system is trying to flood something out of itself, help it along and flood it more. Which is the reason that water, or fluid of any kind, is now more of a cold specific than camphor or quinine.

When you come to the person who has one cold after another all winter long, and who, as he expresses it himself, "picks up every cold that comes along," you are, if you happen to be the family physician, in a state bordering on despair. More than once I have been tempted to believe that susceptibility to colds was not a bodily state but a point of view.

Of course there are people who really are susceptible, but much can be done for them by several means. They should at least try the use of cold vaccine in the early autumn. Their lives should be carefully regulated as to diet, exercise and clothes. And if all measures fail they should be tested out for protein susceptibility, which brings us to the question of when is a cold not a cold, or rather not an infectious disease in the ordinary sense.

Allergy, or susceptibility to one or more foreign proteins, is probably not new, but is a newly recognized condition. It runs a close second to glandular disturbances in the race for first place as the unsolved problem of medicine.

The form of allergy first recognized as such was probably hay fever. We used to know it as an uncomfortable reaction to the pollen of goldenrod, ragweed and some other spring and fall blooming plants. Now we know it as simply one manifestation of allergy. The eczema of infancy, asthma in children and adults, hay fever, intestinal disturbances, malnutrition and general ill-health of an indefinable character are now classed as allergic symptoms.

The protein which causes the disturbance may be taken into the body in the food, as a part of the food, through the nasal mucous membrane, or through the lungs.

Any one individual is rarely susceptible to only one protein. Some people are susceptible to so many that it is difficult for them to find an environment where they can live, or food to nourish them without causing discomfort. Fortunately we are learning more and more about the condition each year, and the methods of treatment are getting better and better, because it seems evident that the earlier one form of allergy is treated, the less likely are other forms to appear.

It would be hard to give a list of the proteins to which one may be sensitive, because there are hardly any foods, except the refined sugars and starches, which do not contain a little protein, and the protein of any food may be somebody's poison. The list of tests made by some allergy specialists includes seventy proteins; by others, eighty-two; and I have no doubt there are other longer lists. The proteins most often guilty are those found in wheat, milk and eggs, in horse dander and in feathers. Of the pollens, those from ragweed, goldenrod, roses and the grasses cause the most trouble. Fish, particularly shellfish or more accurately the mollusks, such as oysters and clams, and the crustacea, such as lobsters, give a lot of positive reactions.

But of course there is infinite variety in the combinations of proteins which are troublesome to different people. For instance, I have one patient who is susceptible to wheat and milk; another who is bothered by lettuce, cocoa and chocolate, cream and wheat; another who is susceptible to all forms of sea food and wheat. There are more different combinations than there are possible hands in a game of bridge.

Like the cold, the allergic tendency seems to be a civilization disease. We see more and more of it, and not, apparently, because we recognize it better. That some forms of recurrent colds are really allergic manifestations is quite certain. And this gives the susceptible person something to hope for. If his specific protein or proteins can be found, there is no reason why he should go on and on having "colds." It is quite possible that he may be immunized to the trouble-maker by inoculation, or that he may give up some simple article of diet, and be comfortable all the year.

Don't Be too Careless

Although it is quite certain that some colds are not infectious, and although there is great variability in the infectivity of colds in general, all colds should be treated as infectious in the first forty-eight hours; that is, while there is active sneezing, and abundant secretion from the nose or eyes. All sore throats should be treated as infectious as long as the throat is sore. This is old stuff: schools and the children in the schools know it. But adults are often pretty careless about it. I have known many people afraid of catching a cold from someone else who would not hesitate to take a train, ride in a subway, or go to a concert when they have one themselves and should be at home, safely isolated in bed. We would not be so discouraged about the increasing incidence of colds, if each man had a conscience about his own cold.

The best that can be done about a bad business is this:

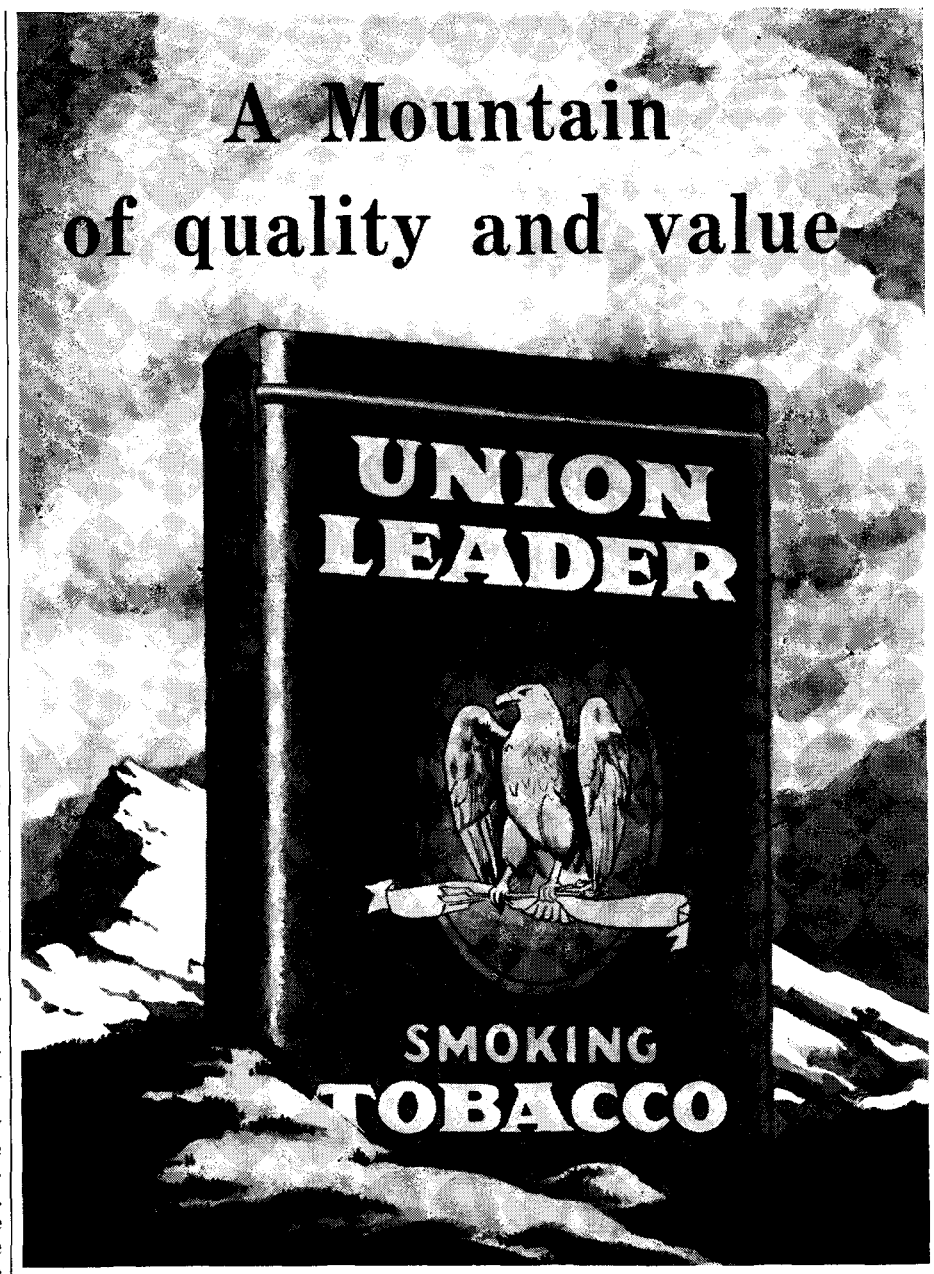
Don't overeat, overdress and undercxercise in winter.

Don't keep your houses too hot.

Don't *medicate* your own colds.

If you treat your own colds, do so by going to bed, keeping the bowels open mildly, drinking quantities of fluid.

Keep your colds strictly to yourselves, at least in the first forty-eight hours.



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Home Life of a Holy Cat

Continued from page 10

slide and by the splash at the bottom, and used to sit and watch it all for hours, which made me think at first that she would one day spring at one of them; but she never did. Field mice, and water rats down by the Nile, were her only prey; and in connection with the former I may mention a curious occurrence:

A Shocking Fish

One hot night I was sitting smoking my pipe on the veranda, when my attention was attracted by two mice which had crept into the patch of brilliant moonlight before my feet and were boldly nibbling some crumbs left over from a cracker thrown to Pedro earlier in the evening. I watched them silently for a while and did not notice that Basta had seen them and was preparing to spring, nor did I observe a large white owl sitting aloft amongst the overhanging roses and also preparing to pounce.

Suddenly, and precisely at the same moment, the owl shot down on the mice from above and Basta leaped at them from beside me. There was a collision and a wild scuffle; fur and feathers flew; I fell out of my chair; and then the owl made off screeching in one direction and the cat dashed away in the other; while the mice, practically clinging to each other, remained for a moment or so too terrified to move.

During the early days of her residence in Luxor, Basta often used to go down to the edge of the Nile to fish with her paw; but she never caught anything, and in the end she got a fright and gave it up. I was sitting by the river watching her trying to catch one of a little shoal of small fish which were sunning themselves in the shallow water when there came swimming into view a twelve- or fourteen-inch fish which I recognized (by its whiskers and the absence of a dorsal fin) as the electric catfish, pretty common in the Nile—a strange creature able to give you an electric shock like hitting your funny-bone.

These fish obtain their food in a curious way: they hang round any shoal of small fry engaged in feeding, and then glide quietly into their midst and throw out this electric shock, whereupon the little fellows are all sick to the stomach, and the big fellow gets their disgorged dinners.

I was just waiting to see this happen with my own eyes—for it had always seemed a bit far-fetched—when Basta made a dart at the intruder with her paw, and got a shock. She uttered a yowl as though somebody had trodden on her, and leaped high in the air; and never again did she put her foot near the water. She was content after that with our daily offering of a fish brought from the market and fried for her like a burnt sacrifice.

Basta's Mysterious Ways

Basta had a most unearthly voice, and when she was feeling emotional would let out a wail which at first was like the crying of a phantom baby, and then became the tuneless song of a lunatic, and finally developed into the blood-curdling howl of a soul in torment. And when she spat, the percussion was like that of a spring-gun.

There were some wild cats, or, rather, domestic cats who, like Basta's own forbears, had taken to a wild life, living in a grove of trees beside the river just beyond my garden wall; and it was generally the proximity of one of these which started her off; but sometimes the outburst was caused by her own unfathomable thoughts as she went her mysterious ways in the darkness of the night.

I think she must have been clairvoyant, for she often seemed to be seeing things not visible to me. Sometimes, perhaps when she was cleaning fish or mouse from her face, she would pause with one foot off the ground and stare in front of her, and then back away with bristling hair or go forward with friendly little mewing noises; and sometimes she would leap off a chair or sofa, her tail lashing and her green eyes dilated. But it may have been worms.

Once I saw her standing absolutely rigid and tense on the lawn, staring at the rising moon; and then all of a sudden she did a sort of dance such as cats sometimes do when they are playing with other cats. But there was no other cat, and, anyway, Basta never played; she never forgot that she was a holy cat.

Her chaste hauteur was so great that she would not move out of the way when people were walking about, and many a time her demoniacal shriek and perhaps a crash of breaking glass informed the household that somebody had tripped over her. It was astonishing, however, how quickly she recovered her dignity and how well she maintained the pretense that whatever happened to her was at her own celestial wish and was not our doing.

If I called her she would pretend not to hear, but would come a few moments later when it could appear that she had thought of doing so first; and if I lifted her off a chair she would jump back onto it and then descend with dignity as though of her own free will. But in this, of course, she was more like a woman than like a divinity.

The Egyptian cat is a domesticated species of the African wildcat, and no doubt its strange behavior and its weird voice were the cause of it being regarded as sacred in ancient times; but, although the old gods and their worship have been forgotten these many centuries, the traditional sanctity of the race has survived.

Modern Egyptians think it unlucky to hurt a cat, and in the native quarters of Cairo and other cities hundreds of cats are daily fed at the expense of benevolent citizens. They say that they do this because cats are so useful to mankind in killing off mice and other pests; but actually it is an unrecognized survival of the old beliefs.

In the days of the Pharaohs, when a cat died the men of the household shaved off their eyebrows and sat around wailing and rocking themselves to and fro in simulated anguish. The body was embalmed and buried with solemn rites in the local cats' cemetery, or was sent down to Bubastis to rest in the shadow of the temple of their patron goddess. I myself have dug up hundreds of mummified cats; and once, when I had a couple of dozen of the best specimens standing on my veranda waiting to be dispatched to the Cairo Museum, Basta was most excited about it, and walked around sniffing at them all day. They certainly smelled awful.

"I'd like to buy a monster for my museum" *Jack Markon*

The Episode of the Mouse

On my lawn there was a square slab of stone which had once been the top of an altar dedicated to the sun god, but was now used as a sort of low garden table; and sometimes when she had caught a mouse she used to deposit the chewed corpse upon this slab—nobody could think why, unless, as I always told people, she was really making an offering to the sun. It was most mysterious of her; but it led once to a very unfortunate episode.

A famous French antiquarian, who was paying a polite call, was sitting with me beside this sacred stone, drinking afternoon tea and eating fresh dates, when Basta appeared on the scene with a small dead mouse in her mouth, which in her usual way she deposited upon the slab—only on this occasion she laid it on my guest's plate, which was standing on the slab.

We were talking at the moment and did not see her do this, and anyhow the Frenchman was as blind as a bat; and, of course, as luck would have it, he immediately picked up the wet, mole-colored mouse instead of a ripe brown date, and the thing had almost gone into his mouth before he saw what it was and, with a yell, flung it into the air.

It fell into his upturned sun-helmet, which was lying on the grass beside him; but he did not see where it had gone, and jumping angrily to his feet in the momentary belief that I had played a schoolboy joke on him, he snatched up his helmet and was in the act of putting it on his head when the mouse tumbled out onto the front of his shirt and slipped down inside his buttoned jacket.

At this he went more or less mad, danced about, shook himself, and finally trod on Basta, who completed his frenzy by uttering a fiendish howl and digging her claws into his leg. The dead mouse, I am glad to say, fell onto the grass during the dance without passing through his roomy trousers as I had feared it might; and Basta, recovering her dignity, picked it up and walked off with it.

Basta Goes Native

It is a remarkable fact that during the five or six years she spent with me she showed no desire to be anything but a spinster all her life, and when I arranged a marriage for her she displayed such dignified but violent antipathy toward the bridegroom that the match was a failure. In the end, however, she fell in love with one of the wild cats who lived among the trees beyond my wall, and nothing could prevent her going off to visit him from time to time, generally at dead of night.

He did not care a hoot about her sanctity, and she was feminine enough to enjoy the novelty of being roughly treated. I never actually saw him, for he did not venture into the garden, but I used to hear him knocking her about outside my gates; and when she came home, scratched and bitten and muttering something about holy cats, it was plain that she was desperately happy. She licked her wounds, indeed, with deep and voluptuous satisfaction.

A dreadful change came over her. She lost her precious dignity, and was restless and inclined to be savage; her digestion played embarrassing tricks on her; and once she mortally offended Laura by clawing her nose. There was a new glint in her green eyes as she watched the ducks sliding into the pond; the pigeons interested her for the first time; and for the first time, too, she *ate* the mice she had caught.

Then she began to disappear for a whole day or night at a time, and once when I went in search of her amongst the trees outside and found her sharpening her claws on a branch above my head, she put her ears back and hissed at me until I could see every one of her teeth and halfway down her pink throat. I tried by every method to keep her at home when she came back, but it was all in vain, and at last she left me forever.

Weeks afterward I caught sight of her once again amongst the trees, and it was evident that she was soon to become a mother. She gave me a friendly little mew this time, but she would not let me touch her; and presently she slipped away into the undergrowth. I never knew what became of her.

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The Tammany Touch

Continued from page 12

that that's one of the reasons why a city with an assessed valuation of twenty billion dollars hasn't the money.

Listen: those men down there are fine party workers and nobody has ever breathed a word of scandal about their home lives. Why, some of them have sons in Harvard and Yale. And Al Smith and Sam Seabury and Joe McKee saying that men like that ought to be thrown out. Of course they ain't bankers or economists; but they have to learn like everybody else, haven't they? And how are they going to learn if you go throwing them out?

Mr. Curry Knows Best

You always notice, don't you, that the newspapers wait for times like these to take Tammany for a ride. Times when the Hall's so busy trying to get things straight that it ain't got time to answer. Look at that. Saying that it was Mr. Curry that wrote that letter Mayor-elect Johnny O'Brien sent to the Board of Aldermen saying that it would be a good thing if there was a little economy. And saying that it was the Boss here who told Mayor-elect Johnny O'Brien not to pay any attention to Sam Seabury's invitation to testify about city affairs. Listen: that's libelous. Johnny O'Brien is as clean a man as ever got elected mayor of any city in America. Look at the vote he got. Down in the Surrogate's Court, where he's been sitting for years, anybody will tell you that Johnny O'Brien has done more for the poor widow and her babies than anybody there.

Of course the leader of Tammany Hall has to keep in touch with the mayor. How would he run the organization if he didn't? And where does the organization get off if the mayor is somebody like Joe McKee, who don't even listen but is always giving the Boss an argument? Johnny O'Brien is as clean a family man as ever put his feet under a dining-room table, and he's regular. He knows that an experienced leader like the Commissioner—Mr. Curry—knows best and he is willing to work with the Boss on that basis.

So let's stick right here in Tammany Hall and see how it works—this ancient and honorable Society of St. Tammany, or Columbian Order, which was the elegant and purposeful name bestowed upon it by its founder, Mr. William Mooney, a militantly patriotic paper hanger, a hundred and forty-five years ago.

Once inside his office, Mr. Curry sheds some of his public suavity. He is no longer on parade facing the world to give the lie to the popular opinion that a Tammany *duce* is necessarily a gory ogre with splayed feet and Mongolian eyes. The public is not looking at nor to him now.

He is dealing with men who, like himself, bother with no illusions, deal in no fancies. Does my man get that judgeship, or doesn't he? Does Thump and Co. get that paving contract or don't they? Are you going to let those lily-livered guys down in the Municipal Building throw out my two city marshals or aren't you?

With his coat off, you observe that John F. Curry, Boss of Tammany Hall, is as physically fit as any of the younger leaders and far more than most of the older. Only his jowls and his eyes testify to his sixty hard years. His eyes are inclined to be watery; it might be unkind to say rheumy. They're as hard as agates and as direct as rifle shots. He is not the most popular leader that Tammany Hall has had but he can command respect. He is not an easy boss but they don't accuse him of evasion. In a different day he goes about his tasks differently. He's the diplomat, the soft-handed negotiator with soft words, where Tweed was the roaring plunderer, Kelly the stupid autocrat, Croker the courageous slugger and Murphy the artful dodger. He reminds you of nothing so much as what he is, a sixteen-cylinder, big-game-hunting insurance broker—one of those big-policy heroes who sell a million dollars' worth of protection (insurance, of course) a year. He has to be a big-leaguer. No piker could rule district leaders who are clever enough to make politics pay them a hundred thousand dollars a year—not at all that that's the limit. How is it done?

Graft? Of course, and some of it "Honest Graft." Perhaps you don't identify the term, Honest Graft. You've never heard of the Honorable George Washington Plunkitt—Plunkitt of Tammany Hall—then. Mr. Plunkitt, now dead, alas, shares the immortality of all true philosophers. He was a model for all leaders to come.

"The politician who steals," said Plunkitt of Tammany Hall, "is worse than a thief. He is a fool. With the grand opportunities all around for the man with a political pull there's no excuse for stealing a cent. It makes me tired to hear of old codgers boasting that they retired from politics without a dollar except what they earned in their profession or private business. If they lived today they would be just the same as the rest of us. There ain't any more honest people in the world just now than the convicts in Sing Sing. Not one of them steals anything. Why? Because they can't, my boy, because they can't. As for me, I see my opportunities and I take them. Honest graft."

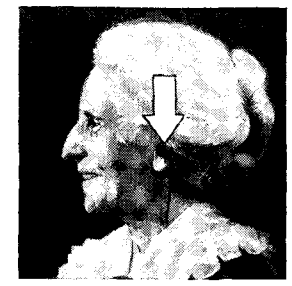
New Graft for New Times

Anyway, here in Tammany Hall you see leaders who see their opportunities and take advantage of them. Of course the five hundred thousand realty taxpayers pay the whole bill in the long run. And they pass it along to the six million five hundred thousand untouchables as best they can. There are contractors to cut the leaders in upon the profits the leaders have made possible with their influence. There are supply and equipment firms in which the leaders have partnerships, silent and otherwise. And there is the real estate racket, specifically designated by Plunkitt of Tammany Hall, as Honest Graft. A new school or public park is to be set up in the district. The plan is the secret of the leader until he has bought up the land that is to be thus improved. And then the city takes that land from the leader, by condemnation perhaps, at two, five and ten times the price he paid. Honest Graft, you see.

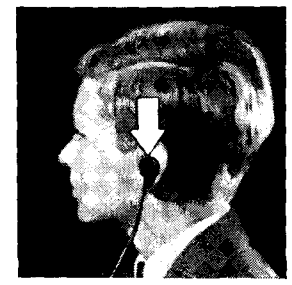
Of course some of them go a trifle farther. It is hard to say what Mr. Plunkitt would have thought about it, although his generous philosophy might have carried him through. In the first place, you must understand that quite a number of the old sources of a leader's revenue are no longer available. They are outmoded. Times have changed. For example, the street railway franchise graft. The subways have ruined that. Motor-bus lines? The only thing you get out of motor busses are angry riders and headaches. Gambling? That's been dead ever since

(Continued on page 36*)*

"Heard you the first time."



"In touch with the world again."



"Keeps me right up with my class."

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A better Hearing Aid, made by Bell Telephone makers . . .

YOU WOULD naturally expect it—and you'd be right! When the men long trained in making telephones turned their attention to apparatus to help the hard-of-hearing, something superior was bound to result.

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The new Western Electric Audiphone is a hearing aid that *really* aids. Moreover, special care in design has made it compact and light in weight—inconspicuous as eye glasses. Try it, and hear the difference! For an interesting booklet and name of nearest dealer, who will give you a demonstration, write the distributors, Graybar Electric Company.

Distributors in Canada: Northern Electric Co., Ltd.

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(Continued from page 35)

five men were electrocuted in Sing Sing for knocking off the squealing gambler Rosenthal twenty years ago. Prostitution? Since the old red-light districts closed there has been nothing there. Nothing, that is, except cheap street-walker graft for cheap cops. And even that is dead since some of the cops went to jail. So you see how it is. New times and a new order.

Nevertheless some of the boys are doing pretty well with what the modern city has to offer. It's a trifle more expensive for the taxpayer but politics is politics and a man isn't in the game for his health. Besides anybody will tell you that if Tammany Hall doesn't take advantage of the opportunities a city of 7,000,000 grants, somebody else will. Maybe the reformers, if they were in office, might not; but you may be pretty sure that the racketeers would be going stronger than ever if the reformers were in power, because there wouldn't be Tammany to regulate them and make them come across with a percentage of their take.

Now any estimate of what the protected racketeer costs the New York City taxpayer must be a guess. Fifty million dollars a year? Perhaps; but it sounds too low. A hundred million? Your guess is as good as anybody's. The Seabury investigation, wandering up the same blind alley its predecessors got lost in, has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars trying to find out. And the answer is still up there somewhere.

What's Your Racket?

Not, mind you, that these pyramiding millions of the food, clothing, building and laundry racketeering are all profit to Tammany. Far from it. Tammany makes them possible and takes its cut; but the populace pays in higher costs because the manufacturers and retail dealers, having to pay the thugs for protection, pass the costs on to the consumer.

That leader who just came out of the Curry office, for example. The dock and pier racketeers call him Boss. They say he has made a million dollars protecting the gangsters who make freight deliveries in the city more expensive. Yonder is the leader behind the millinery trade graft. The big man next to him has half the undertakers in the city paying him for allowing them to keep competition out of their territory. And the chap going in now rules the kosher butchers.

And here's the leader who is getting rich in the musician and music racket. A cornet player who isn't right is quite apt to have his lips split with a knife any night. And liquor, of course.

But we can't go on like this. For details see subsequent articles. Besides, we're again getting out of focus. We're looking around Tammany Hall; let's stay there. The strength of the Boss, and the strength of Tammany Hall, is in direct proportion to the strength of these leaders we're looking at. These leaders rule by might until a cannier, stronger man crowds them out—just as Curry himself crowded soggy old Two-Spot Dan McMahon out in the old Seventeenth to become himself the leader. They are beautifully efficient men, forming an amazingly efficient political machine. But they are very careful to let that efficiency go no further. If it extended to the government of the city itself, the machine might curl up and die. And that, naturally, would never do.

If you have any doubts about it, stand off a bit and look at your own city's political machine. Perhaps it is not quite as large as Tammany, but that's merely because the hunting in your town is not quite as lush. But if you live in Chicago you can get quite an idea. And there is absolutely no reason for anybody in Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Memphis, San Francisco, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans or Boston to look superior. Their political combines could learn nothing in New York. And Philadelphia! If anything, the Vare machine in Philadelphia is a bit worse than Tammany because it involves a little more stupidity.

In the Best Tammany Manner

In the main these Tammany leaders have come into their power much as Curry did, as Croker did, as Kelly did. Curry is of the old order in that, like his celebrated predecessors, he came up from the dregs—handy man, roustabout, captain, leader and Boss. If you want to know how it's done, let's review his career:

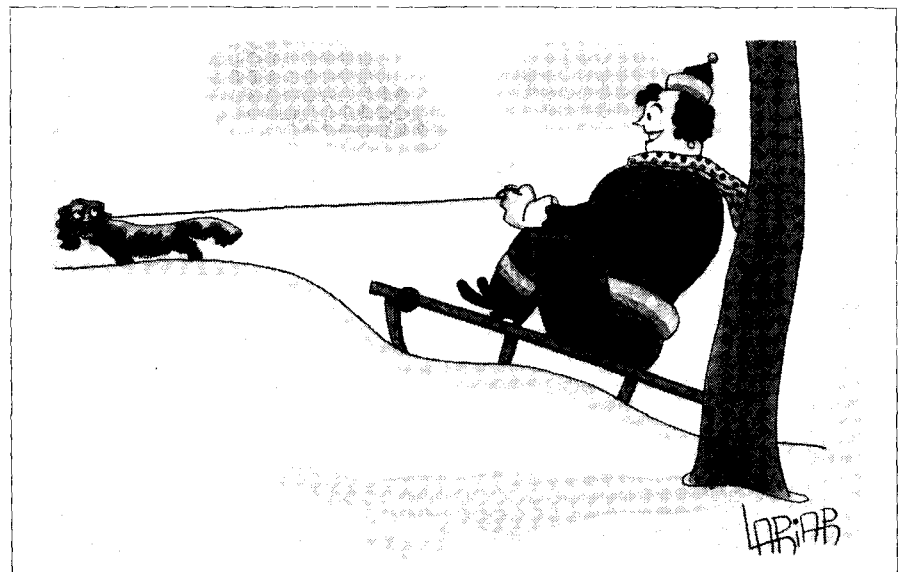
His father and mother, Michael and Ann Curry, brought him with them to America from Arraghntra, County Fermanagh, Ireland, when he was one year old. The virtues of Curry's parents were numerous, Michael being an exceedingly industrious man with more than the average immigrant's talents for growth. Presently he was trading in cattle in the Union Stock Yards on the west side of New York City and a bit later he had a small herd of his own.

John didn't develop much scholarship. Schools did not entertain him. What little formal education he got he absorbed between the hours he was milking his father's cows, peddling the milk and, after school, driving the cattle home. And yet he is not without some of a scholar's rewards; although he did not finish high school he has the right to attach the distinguished LL.D. to his name, the degree having been bestowed upon him (after he became Boss of Tammany Hall) by Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, "for philanthropy, knowledge of governmental affairs and executive ability."

He held and quit a dozen jobs before he became a telegraph operator at eighteen. And then, having absorbed all the fundamentals of a political roustabout's life on the streets of west-side Manhattan, he became a full-fledged Tammany lad, joining Two-Spot McMahon's Democratic Club and going in with inherited zeal for vote-hustling. As soon as he was legally entitled to vote, McMahon got him a job in the city tax department.

Unlike so many Tammany leaders, present and gone, he was never a slugger. We find no record of rough stuff. But always there was that Curry eye for the better hole, the Curry penchant for onwardness and upwardness. Two-Spot McMahon was decaying fast. Two-Spot's club was known as the Narragansett and it began to reflect his dull stodginess. Therefore, without fireworks or ballyhoo, Curry and a few other young district captains organized a club of their own. Thus begins the downfall of a district leader. As long as he is able to command the loyalty of his captains, as long as they understand that he's boss, as long as they fear him, he is supreme. But let him slip so much as an inch and they're on him like wolves. He is the leader of the pack until he hesitates or develops a soft spot. After that they devour him with all the ferocity with which they once served him. That's Tammany.

Curry was moving up. When he was sent forth to corral the vote of a city block he delivered. A born salesman. There were very few possible converts to be made, but Curry made them where there were. In the district that he captained for McMahon he knew every living creature's name—dogs, cats, horses and humans. Yes, and if the cockroaches had had names he'd have known those too. He knew to the penny what all the wage-earners got on Saturday nights. He knew the wants, the hopes, the sorrows and the weaknesses of all of them. In the cold of winter he and tons of coal arrived together where warmth was needed. He had always a coat for the backs of his voters and shoes for their feet. In the summer he saw that they had ice and free steamboat rides and tickets to Coney Island. He learned how to thrive on four hours' sleep a night. He knew the value of the clubhouse pinochle game, of steady attendance at church, of prominence at funerals, of sticks of candy for the kids and godfathering babies at baptism.



"Pull, Ming Toy—pull!" *Lawrence La Riar*

The Perfect Politician

He could dance like a faun and paid lots of attention to the homely daughters of large families, who would be left standing with their backs to the ballroom walls if it were left to any other lad. Nor did he hesitate for so much as a second when the elderly, two-ton ladies of the district crossed his path on the dance floor. He whirled them with all the enthusiasm he might bestow upon a celebrated beauty. His popularity was astonishing, all the more so because it was noticeable that while he was forever in the thick of things he was never in any of those nasty brawls that the other stout lads were forever involved in. Fights there were a-plenty, but John Francis Curry, while never far away, was always just far enough. Such is the model Tammany captain. The model has not changed. Such men go far. He had everything the other captains had, plus shrewd brains. Less than that has carried men to the Presidency.

And now he is promoted by Tammany to inspect sewers for the Finance Department. Perhaps he actually did inspect a sewer. He was noted in his district for doing things nobody had done before. Two-Spot McMahon, seeing in the lad his possible successor and liking him along with all the rest, sent him to the state legislature, where his record fell rather short of distinction. Only once do we find him rising in the legislature to add to the comfort and well-being of the people. It was a bill for a five-cent fare to Coney Island. It perished quickly and definitely.

But Curry Couldn't Wait

Back in New York again, now president of the West End Democratic Club and an avowed candidate for the district leadership, he was appointed deputy county clerk. Old Two-Spot had ideas of his own about how his successor should take office. He hoped to step out gracefully—as gracefully as his vast bulk warranted—and hand the leadership over. But all in good time, all in good time. Nothing was to be gained by giving these upstarts too free a hand. Nevertheless, while he was pondering, Curry, then thirty years old, challenged McMahon and the district went to the clubhouse polls with bricks in their left hands and their pockets bulging with pistols. The ambulance bells sounded far into the night. Curry won but old Two-Spot did the counting of the ballots. His verdict was that he had got 1,478 votes and Curry only 1,405. The fighting lasted all week.

And the carnage might have lasted a month, had Curry been of the temperament of so many of his associates. He might have taken that leadership by force, driving the McMahon army into the river. But that is not the Curry manner. Sure of his strength, he spent the ensuing year winning the rapidly sinking McMahon's stalwarts to his own club. And after twelve months the district voted again. There was nothing to it, this time.

As Commissioner of the Records of the Surrogate's Court, a well-paid but not too exacting job, he again bided his time, building up his insurance business and keeping his eyes and mind on the Big Job in Tammany Hall. There was a lot of fumbling going on in the Hall but rather than dash in when the fumbling was wildest and take the Boss' post in the confusion, he chose to wait for that moment which, to the Curry mind, was his.

In 1929 it arrived. He had been preaching the Old Tammany creed, that Tammany belonged to Tammany and that none but district leaders had a right to the overlordship.

The Al Smith faction talked of a leader who was more than a district leader—a man who had won distinction in the city at large, who commanded the respect of his fellow citizens rather than their fear, a lawyer who would be able to guide Tammany legally as well as spiritually and politically.

The Curry faction refused to listen. Tammany for Tammany, they cried. No outsiders need apply. Besides, never again would they permit a lawyer to sit in the Boss' chair. The man whom Curry was to succeed was a lawyer, and an excellent one—George W. Olvany. And see what happened while he ruled!

Without a word from Boss Olvany a million dollars' worth of legal business was fetched to his offices by litigants who thought it the part of wisdom to engage the Boss of Tammany to represent them in courts where Tammany judges sat. It was probably most embarrassing to Mr. Olvany, who soon found his leadership irksome.

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Anyway it almost wrecked the organization. Hundreds of lawyers are members of Tammany's clubs and contribute to Tammany's treasury. In exchange for their loyalty they look for Tammany's legal business. But cases that might otherwise have fallen into their hands were being carried to the law offices of the Big Fella, Boss Olvany. You can see, therefore, why the old guard was so set against another lawyer in the Boss' chair. With one accord the old guard so ably represented by Curry decreed that never again, except over their prostrate forms, might a lawyer be Boss. Whereupon he entered the lists. It was a hard fight; Curry is no popular idol. But he was elected Leader of Tammany Hall by one and five-sixths votes. Al Smith, once its god, was now repudiated by the Hall although Smith was not himself a candidate for the leadership.

Mr. Curry will not go into the history of Tammany as one of its most powerful leaders. His prestige wabbles. He bitterly opposed the nomination of Franklin Roosevelt in Chicago. He failed to defeat the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Smith's candidate for the governorship of New York, Herbert Lehman. He did give New York two mayors: Jimmy Walker, who quit under fire and whom he was pledged to renominate for a third term but dared not, and his devoted friend and follower, O'Brien. If he fails to reëlect O'Brien next fall, that gentleman having been elected in the Roosevelt landslide for one year only to complete the unexpired term of Mr. Walker —well, we shall have a new Boss of Tammany Hall.

Even before that he may be forced to abdicate. Tammany has grown too big for him, too big for New York. It costs too much. Even New York can't afford Tammany Hall. It is the Boss' job to see that his army is protected while it is fighting his battles. If he can't save the devoted 148,000 hardy patriots, if he can't maintain them in their jobs, then Tammany is going to depose him in favor of a man who can.

But Tammany is not scared of reform. Reform may win at the next elections, but the reformers have never been able to succeed themselves. Tammany remembers that. The Hall believes that New York City doesn't want reform. Listen to the leaders harking back to that famous election when Tammany was fighting to regain command after a reform administration that closed the Sunday speakeasies and enforced the hundred and one righteous laws that Tammany had adopted—for reformers to enforce and break their necks stumbling over.

It looked like a tough fight and Tammany Hall yearned for a slogan that might rally the citizenry to its banner. The citizenry was eager to be rallied too, the reform administration having failed to reduce taxes and in many other promises except Sunday closing and general street cleaning. The workingman was yearning for his Sunday beer and his back-room pinochle game, both of which had been taken from him by Reform's police commissioner—Theodore Roosevelt, who was to become governor and then President.

Then one evening the slogan came. It was shouted by Tammany's candidate for District Attorney, Asa Bird Gardiner. It was beautifully simple: "To Hell with Reform."

And with that alluring shibboleth ringing in their ears a dried-out and too-reformed populace rushed to the polls and reinstated Tammany.

Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 14

arm was suddenly grasped by the inspector.

"Forgive me," he begged. "There may be work for our fingerprint expert here. I imagine it is waste of breath to ask you if that was the condition in which you left this trunk."

"Condition in which I left it, indeed!" the girl exclaimed indignantly. "The mistress has often told me I'm one of the neatest packers she ever saw. Someone has upset everything in the trunk."

"Where do you keep the keys?" the inspector asked.

"In my bag. They have never been out of my possession. We can't possibly leave the things like that, Mr. Inspector. They'll all be ruined. If the mistress sees them she'll have a fit. All those three gowns from Worth too! What they didn't cost!"

"They must be left as they are for the present," the inspector decreed. "Open the other trunks if you please. We must know if they are all in the same condition."

The girl obeyed with trembling fingers. There were tears in her eyes and she was obviously distressed. The contents of both the other trunks had been treated in the same ruthless fashion.

"There are things there which will be spoiled," the girl declared. "Heaps of them. I should like to know who's been messing about here."

"So should we," Cowling said calmly. "It's no good worrying. The thing has happened and we must make the best of it. Lock up those trunks again, if you please. You must leave the contents as they are."

The girl was crying in earnest as she obeyed.

"When will I be able to take these things out?" she begged.

"As soon as possible," the inspector assured her soothingly. "Soon after midday tomorrow, I should think. All locked up now, eh? That's right. I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to let me have the keys."

She obeyed without a murmur, and he slipped them into his pocket.

"You say that these were never away from you after you had finished packing?" he asked.

"They have been in this bag all the time," the girl replied, "and I never lose sight of it. I took it out with me last night to the cinema and I slept with it by the side of my bed."

"You couldn't have done more," the inspector consoled her. "I shall ask you a few more questions later on, perhaps."

HE OPENED the door and the girl, taking the hint, departed in a dazed and tearful condition. Then he came back into the sitting-room. The undermanager was looking very concerned indeed.

"Don't you think you ought to have asked her whom she went to the cinema with and if she locked her door at night?" he inquired.

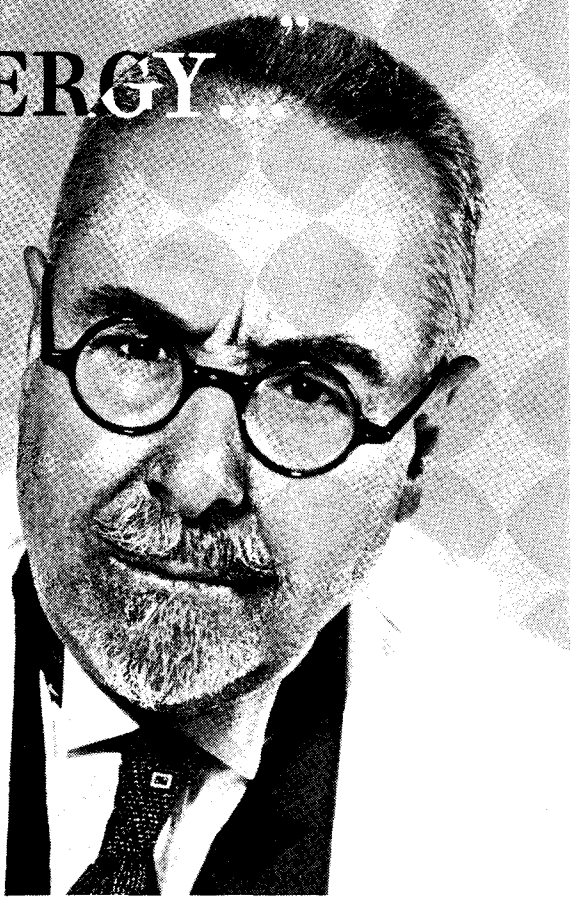
"I'll do that later," the inspector replied. "As a matter of fact, we have some very clever people to deal with in this affair, and there's no lock here they couldn't have opened in a minute with or without the keys. I should like to have your concierge up now if I may. I can scarcely ask him questions at his counter."

The concierge was summoned and ap-

(Continued on page 38)

"Common Symptoms of Constipation are

HEADACHES.. BAD BREATH..LACK OF ENERGY..."



DR. BONANOME is Special Professor of Surgical Pathology in the University of Rome

—declares DR. BONANOME *of Rome*

DID you know that constipation causes many of our commonest ailments . . . *that in most cases it is easily preventable—curable?*

Those are the findings of noted authorities such as Dr. Achille Bonanome, of the Bonanome Clinic in Rome, Italy, who states:—

"Food wastes, when not expelled from the body regularly . . . generate poisons which seep into the blood. Common symptoms . . . are headaches, indigestion, loss of appetite, unwholesome breath, unhealthy skin, lack of energy."

To correct constipation, Dr. Bonanome explains, "it is useless to resort to cathartics," as "they only make matters worse." And he adds:—

"My own experience is that the best remedy for constipation is fresh yeast."

A food, Fleischmann's Yeast possesses certain remarkable properties. Chief of these are its power to soften the wastes that accumulate in "tired" intestines and actually to *strengthen* the bowel muscles. Also, it fosters gastric secretions, so what you eat *digests* better.

So, if your health is under par—if you're subject to headaches, bad breath, unnatural tiredness—start now to stimulate and purify your system with 3 cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast!

Just eat a cake before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glassful of water. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

"I knew that doctors recommended it"

"I suffered a lot with indigestion and headaches," *writes* Alma Lewis *of Philadelphia.* "Fleischmann's Yeast had done wonders for some friends . . . I started eating it and . . . my indigestion and headaches stopped and, best of all, my skin became clear again."

IMPORTANT!

Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise. Rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D.

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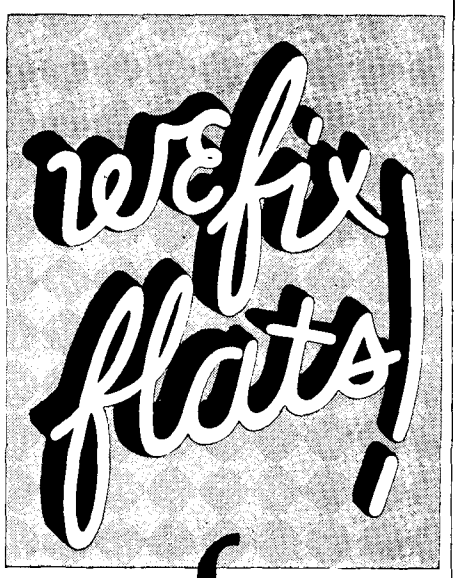

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IF YOU would assure yourself of dependable, guaranteed tire service, take your tire troubles to the repair shop or Service Station displaying this sign . . . it indicates an

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During the last ten years Bowes "Seal-Fast" Authorized Dealers have repaired more than 22 million inner tubes a year with Bowes "Seal-Fast" patent process . . . without a single failure of record.

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THEY STAY PUT

★

BOWES SEAL-FAST CORP.

DEPENDABLE AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

★

(Continued from page 37)

peared almost at once, a civil, pleasant-faced man dressed in the livery of the hotel.

"Goodchild," the undermanager said, "this is Inspector Cowling from Scotland Yard. You will answer any questions he puts to you and give him any information you can."

"Do my best, sir, with pleasure," was the prompt reply.

"I shan't keep you longer than I can help," the inspector promised. "Did you happen to be around when Mrs. Brandt came down in the lift and left the hotel at about a quarter to eight last night?"

"I was downstairs behind my counter, sir. At eight o'clock I should have been relieved. I was there when Mrs. Brandt stepped out of the lift and asked for a taxi. I called out to James, who whistled it up for her."

"Did she seem in any way disturbed?"

"Not in the least," was the emphatic reply.

"Nothing about her appearance to make you think that she was contemplating flight anywhere?"

"Not a suggestion of anything of the sort, sir."

"Did you hear the address she gave to the taxi man?"

"I did, sir. We were not very busy at the time, and when that is the case, and a client like Mrs. Brandt passes out, I often lift the flap of my counter and step onto the pavement to see that she is being looked after. I did so in this instance. She stepped into the taxi as light as a bird."

THE inspector scratched his chin.

"That taxicab is rather a puzzle, Goodchild," he remarked. "We've had men on trying to track it down since midnight. The driver wasn't one of your regular hands, was he?"

"He was not," the concierge admitted. "I'll tell you where the trouble was, sir," he went on. "You see, it was Sunday night, and a great many of the men who have done pretty well during the week, they knock off on Sunday night—knowing it's likely to be a slack time—have supper with the Missus or something of that sort. I expect that's the reason why we didn't take much notice of there being a stranger in the rank. James declares that he had never seen the man before, but he didn't think of looking for his number. Why should he?"

"Exactly," the inspector agreed. "Why should he? It was just unfortunate that it was Sunday night. . . . Now, Goodchild, you must have received a lot of telephone calls for Mrs. Brandt."

"I certainly did, sir," the man assented. "Many more than I could remember. There were very few callers, though, that she would see."

"So her maid told me. Do you happen to remember who had permission to go up?"

"Well," the man reflected, "there was Mr. Guy Philpott and his wife—they came several times—together and separately. There was Lady Middleton Hall, and Lady Hynes, a Mrs. Osbourne Smythe, who was a stranger to me, a lawyer gentleman and sometimes his clerk from Lincoln's Inn, and on Friday we had the honor of having Sir Humphrey Rossiter here—just got over his illness. Very sorry we all were to see from the papers this morning that he is not quite so well."

"That's about all the people whom Mrs. Brandt saw, then, Goodchild?"

"So far as I know, sir. I'm not on duty all the time, of course."

"Where is your relief man?" the inspector asked.

"He's downstairs now, sir. He didn't go home, in case you might be wanting to ask him any questions."

"Very considerate," the inspector commented. "Well, I don't think I need trouble you any further, Goodchild. But I should like to have a word or two with your relief. It can't do any harm."

"I'll send him up at once, sir," Goodchild promised as he took his departure.

The night porter, a younger and sleepier-looking replica of his confrere, duly appeared. The inspector greeted him pleasantly.

"I know Goodchild very well," he remarked. "What is your name?"

"Harris, sir. Philip Harris."

"Well, Harris, I haven't much to ask you. You were not on duty when Mrs. Brandt left the hotel on Sunday night?"

"No, sir. I came up by the Hammersmith bus and arrived here at five minutes past eight."

"Well, it seems to me there's only one question for you. Goodchild has told me about all the people who had the entrée to Mrs. Brandt's rooms in the daytime—was there anyone not on that list who went up while you were on duty?"

"Only one gentleman, sir. He had sent her flowers several times; bought them at the shop opposite and carried them over himself, but he had never suggested a call. On Thursday evening, I think it was, about nine o'clock, he made inquiries as usual, and he was just stepping off when he came back and said to me—I was standing behind the counter—'I wonder whether Mrs. Brandt would care to see me for a moment?' So I said—'Let me ask her.'"

"You haven't said who the gentleman was," the inspector interrupted.

"Sorry. I forgot that, sir," the man apologized. "A gentleman very well known to all of us here, and one of our best customers—Lord Edward Keynsham."

The inspector nodded respectfully.

"A very popular gentleman everywhere," he observed. "Did Mrs. Brandt receive him?"

"She sent word down that she should be glad to see his lordship for a few minutes."

"I see," Inspector Cowling reflected. "I don't think I have anything else to ask you, Harris."

The man saluted and took his leave. The undermanager and Inspector Cowling descended together in the lift. The hotel official was naturally worried.

"I had hoped," he said gloomily, "and the manager had hoped too, that we would be able to keep this matter absolutely quiet. I suppose, however, you will have to do something else about the ransacking of Mrs. Brandt's trunks."

"I am considering that matter," the inspector observed. "What's your opinion of the maid?"

"Honest, but rather stupid, I should say," the other replied. "I certainly should not myself connect her with the affair. She was with Mrs. Brandt when she and her husband came to stay here a year ago, while their house was being painted."

The inspector nodded.

"She seems to me honest enough," he agreed. "I tell you what it is," he went on, after a brief deliberation. "I won't interfere any further for the moment. I must send our fingerprint man down, but after that we'll all keep away."

He took his leave, gave an address to the chauffeur, climbed into his car and settled down to consider the only problem presented by his work—who was the mysterious visitor who had found his way unseen into Mrs. Brandt's rooms and ransacked her trunks?

VERY greatly to the relief of the established authorities a sensational murder, committed during the next few days, was followed by the brilliant arrest of the criminal in the act of boarding the steamer on which he was attempting to leave the country, and within a few hours two long-sought-for criminals were also brought to justice. Scotland Yard basked in a glow of almost lyrical praise from the experts and from the press. Half a dozen unsolved gangster murders in America also stirred people's imagination. "England's Police Service the Finest in the World" was the headline displayed by a leading newspaper. In the midst of it all, however, the Prime Minister sent for General Sir Harold Moore, who found his way to Downing Street in some trepidation.

"I have sent for you, General," the Prime Minister said, congratulations having been first offered and accepted, "to ask you to tell me exactly what has become of my Home Secretary, Rossiter."

"I wish I knew, sir," was the rueful reply.

"I FAIL to understand the situation," the Prime Minister continued. "I have addressed several personal letters to Chestow Square marked 'To be forwarded,' and I have written myself to Miss Rossiter, who is the only relative of Rossiter's I have ever known. The letters have been returned to me with the remark that Sir Humphrey is not at Chestow Square, and Miss Rossiter has written me that she has no knowledge whatever of her brother's whereabouts, and adds that she understands Scotland Yard is interesting itself in the matter. The young man, Hugh Carthew, Rossiter's private secretary, is either lying or he knows even less."

The chief commissioner took his courage into his hands and recounted the full story of Sir Humphrey's two disappearances. The Prime Minister's surprise when he had finished was obvious.

"Do you seriously mean to tell me, General," he asked, "that you have had three of your best men in Norfolk for all this time, and that they have been absolutely unable to trace where Sir Humphrey was taken to from a well-known country house in a sparsely populated county?"

"I regret to say that they seem to have failed completely," the chief commissioner acknowledged. "They are coming back this afternoon and I shall let you have a copy of their full report."

"It's unbelievable!" the Prime Minister exclaimed.

"I know that it must seem so," his visitor acknowledged. "But I hope you will not forget, sir, that Scotland Yard has come through a great many ordeals with flying colors, and I think our work this week is noteworthy. Here, as I admit, we have for the moment completely failed, but the truth will come out. We shall succeed sooner or later—"

"But in the meantime I want my Home Secretary," was the impatient interruption. "Every one of his departments is complicated, and, like a great many other staff men, he carried far too much in his head. Call a meeting of your heads of departments when you get back, General. Explain to them the fix we are in."

"We have a conference arranged for this evening," the general confided.

"Let me know the result tomorrow morning, and what news you have from the men who have been down in Norfolk. Breakfast with me if you can at half past eight. We can have a few minutes together then before I get into harness."

"With great pleasure," the chief commissioner, who hated early rising and early breakfast, lied. "I hope I shall have some news for you."

Norfolk had apparently not agreed with either Chief Inspector Smithers

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or Inspector Simpson. They both had the depressed and irritated air of men who had to report a failure. Pank, on the other hand, whose appearance was too insignificant for more than passing notice, seemed exactly as usual.

"Well, gentlemen," the chief commissioner greeted them, waving them to chairs, "your reports have not disclosed very much. I am hoping you have been keeping something back."

Both Smithers and Simpson shook their heads.

"It has been the most disappointing week I ever spent," the former recounted. "We started, as you know, at Keynsham Hall. Everyone there was most anxious to help. We had the free use of motor cars, men who knew every byroad placed at our disposal, and Lady Louise herself accompanied us on more than one occasion and introduced us to people who were likely to be difficult. In fact, every scrap of information was ready for us almost before we could ask for it. We worked out the times and we visited practically every country house in Norfolk within a possible radius. There was nowhere any place which corresponded with Sir Humphrey Rossiter's description."

"FAILURE Number One," the chief commissioner remarked.

"What about the hired car?" Colonel Matterson, who had just come in, inquired.

"The hired car was telephoned for by a garage in Fakenham," Smithers confided. "Keynsham Hall rang them up but they hadn't anything good enough, so Lord Edward, who seems to have spoken himself, told them to send to Preston & Sons in Norwich. The car was a Strathcombe, and the chauffeur a man who had an excellent character, but who had been with the firm only three weeks. He was hired specially for night work."

"And where are they now—the man and the car?" Matterson asked.

"The car was back in its place at three o'clock next morning, just about the time it was expected," Smithers recounted. "The man went back to his lodgings to wash and dress; after a night job they are always allowed to take six or eight hours off. Late in the afternoon he turned up, took the car out, just leaving word with the porter that he had a job, and he has not been seen or heard of since."

"You inquired at his lodgings, of course?"

"I did that on the same day," Inspector Simpson replied. "The man came back, paid his bill, packed his bag, left his room exactly as it had been when he had taken possession. Not a scrap of writing nor an article of clothing, not a tie, not a button. He said that he was going to London. Whether he went or not no one knows. We have got his description, of course, although it doesn't altogether agree with Sir Humphrey's. We thought that with your permission we would get out placards and offer a reward. Frame a case against him for car theft or something of that sort. It seems to be the only chance of finding him quickly."

"So that you have come back with practically nothing to report?" the chief commissioner remarked slowly.

"Not a thing, sir," Smithers acknowledged. "I never was on a worse job in my life. Everyone willing to help us. Lady Louise taking us out herself to the most likely spots and introducing us and doing everything she could think of. No one showed the least hesitation in throwing the whole of his place open to us. There were some big farmhouses, some just about the right distance too, that seemed likely, but there was not one of them answered to the description when we came to examine it. There's no use beating about the bush, sir; we have been on a fool's errand and we are no nearer a clue to this night ride of Sir Humphrey's than before we undertook it."

"What about you, Pank?" Colonel Matterson asked. "You don't seem to have much to say for yourself."

"I'm sorry, sir," Pank confessed, with a nervous little cough. "I ought perhaps to have reported sick and come back. I caught a very bad feverish cold and I couldn't do much good. I was able to make out the list of places for the others, to give them the mileage, and I happened to know the people where the chauffeur lodged and I got his description; otherwise I'm afraid that I was a washout."

THERE was a moment's silence. Then the chief commissioner asked an abrupt question:

"You have heard what has happened up here?"

"We certainly have," Smithers admitted. "It makes the thing still more diabolically difficult. I suppose it must be the same gang who have got hold of Sir Humphrey again—but what for? The obvious idea is, of course, vengeance, because Brandt was not reprieved, but they know so much that they must know it was not Sir Humphrey's fault."

"We were wondering, coming up, sir, if there was anything in Mrs. Brandt's disappearance which would help us."

"You had better go and see Cowling and join up with him," General Moore suggested. "You may be able to help one another. If you stumble across any fresh idea, come up to me at once, and if I have gone come after me to my house in Hyde Park Terrace. I have to breakfast with the Prime Minister tomorrow morning and to take him your news, and he won't like it."

"I'm very sorry, sir," Inspector Smithers sighed, as he rose to his feet.

"We shall pull it off yet, sir," Simpson declared, but his tone lacked hopefulness.

Pank said nothing. . . .

"WELL, what do you think of that, Matterson?" the chief asked, after the door had been closed.

"I think that it's very disappointing," was the frank reply. "I know very little about Pank. He went along with them chiefly because he knows the country so well, but he has brought off one or two very simple affairs quite creditably. Smithers and Simpson, though, I cannot understand. Not a theory from either of them! Not a suggestion."

"Damnable!" the chief commissioner muttered. "I don't mind telling you that Downing Street is fuming."

Matterson leaned back in his chair dejectedly.

"We have combed every garage in London, Newmarket, Thetford, Norwich, Royston and Barnet," he announced. "We have very discreetly offered a reward of two hundred and fifty pounds for information regarding the car. We have visited every nursing home, private or public, and every hospital. We have had over two hundred men—our own and locals—watching at the various ports. We have under observation every one of the crooks in London who would likely be concerned in an affair like this. We have a splendid fingerprint impression on the sash of the window in Chestow Square, but we have nothing corresponding to it in our archives, and for all we know it may be the thumb and finger of Sir Humphrey himself. We have got to have a bit of luck about this, or I'm afraid we shall be in the cart."

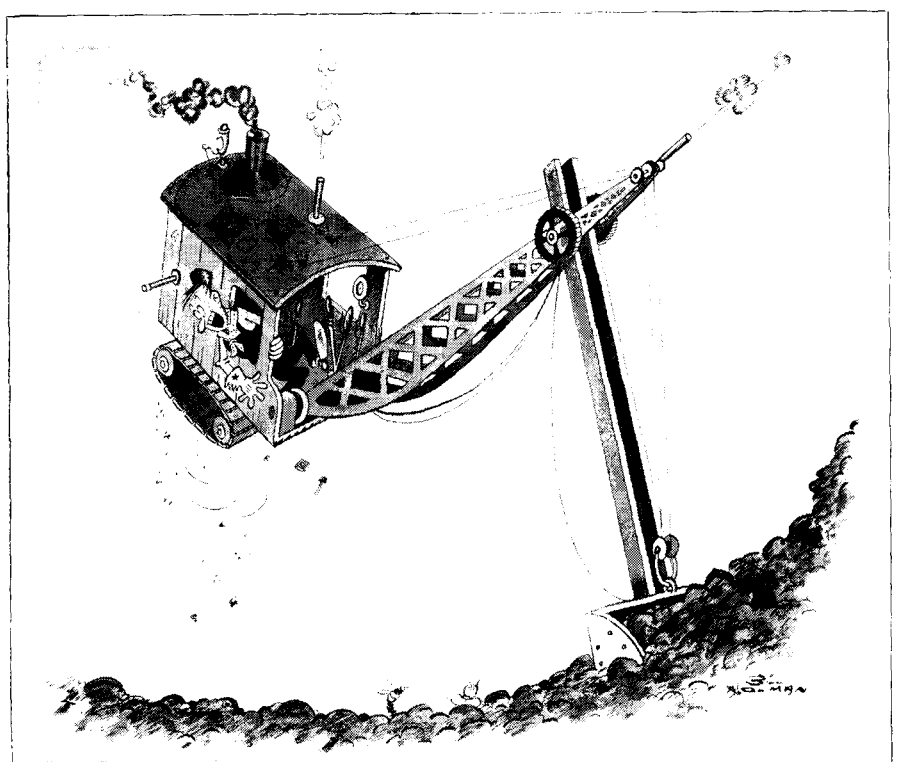
"You don't think," the chief commissioner suggested, "that Rossiter went off with Katherine Brandt?"

"Why the devil should he?" Matterson asked petulantly. "There is nothing whatever to prevent their being married at St. George's, Hanover Square, any moment they like. What inducement could there have been for him to have stepped out of his window in his dinner clothes, leaving me in the next room, and bolting from his own house? The thing is ridiculous. Besides, that would not cast the least light upon his first abduction which, after all, is the keynote to the whole thing."

"Every idea concerning the entire business is ridiculous when it's put into words," General Moore declared savagely. "I don't mind a complicated case, but this one is a sheer absurdity. Nothing could have happened that did. There is no possible reason for anything that has happened. . . . Who the hell is this? Come in!"

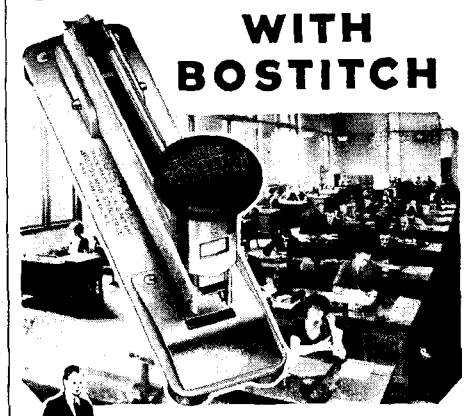
Entirely contrary to etiquette the door was opened, and Detective Pank made timid entrance.

(To be continued next week)



"Gosh! I took too big a bite!" *Bill Holman*

TAKE A WALK WITH BOSTITCH



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The Gold Train

Continued from page 15

them would kill one another and leave the land in peace.

One autumn noon a boy brought word from Ivan Petrovich, her lover, to meet him at dusk by the river with food and tobacco and linen and drink. There were five of them there—Red soldiers, spent and beaten. Two were wounded, but Ivan was brown and well, a Red commander with a red star on his breast. They were running now, he told her; his patrol was betrayed and ambushed; but soon they would return in force. He knew the Whites were breaking. Soon, he said, the war would end, and he would come to claim her. But he only laughed when she spoke of the fifty gold pieces. And she was sad and frightened, since she greatly feared her father, who was harder and colder than ever and now chairman of the council of elders, or alternately president of the village soviet.

Ivan fled that night, and the war went on and autumn froze into winter, and the peasants buried their grain and hid their cattle and goods. Until an icy dawn when the roaring of cannon aroused them in terror, and shells fell among their houses, to explode like thunder and lightning. They ran to the woods distraught, all scattered like sheep when a wolf raids the flock and the shepherd is gone. The girl found herself alone in a thicket on top of a hill, breathless and bruised. Her clothing was torn and she lay on the ground, when a sudden loud shouting below to the right spurred her panic afresh. But the shells had ceased, the shells that had frightened her, and she was a daughter of Eve, so she crept through the bushes to look—and witnessed the fabulous end of the treasure convoy of the beaten White leader, Admiral Kolchak.

Not twenty yards below her hiding place stood the train with its huge engine, and a mob of soldiers was milling around a closed steel car. Then one climbed up with a bag in his hand, which he tied to the door bolt, and dropped like a stone and tried to crawl under the car. The rest turned to run and tripped one another, plunging and fighting. Their voices rose shrill, like the crying of wounded hares. The grenades exploded and the steel door lurched forward down on the mass of them. Like a cascade of yellow wheat, from the broken boxes, gold flooded over them—a cascade of gold whose drops were coins, flooded and drowned them in waves of gold and their own blood.

Others came rushing like ants and crawled onto the golden heap, filling their pockets and blouses and boots with handfuls of shining coins, rushing and crawling like ants on a heap of golden grain, mad with their greed for gold, clasping it close in their arms, holding it close to their hearts, clasping their hearts' desire. Then a clatter of bullets rang the steel sides of the treasure car as the Red machine guns opened fire.

THAT sobered them, most of them, though not all of them. Most of them ran before the range was corrected, and those who stayed were cut by the scythe of bullets like poppies in a wheatfield. The gold heap shone bright in the early sun, yellow and red like wheat and poppies, gold and blood. The looters ran with their gold, ran for life and their golden booty. One made for the hill where the girl was hiding and tried to climb, but the weight of the gold dragged him back and he slipped to the bottom. He climbed up again, halfway, and the eyes stood forth from his head, and a bullet found him as he clung panting to the frozen soil, and he rolled to the bottom, dead.

The others were lurching now, as they lumbered across the fields. The lucky ones lurched the most, the lucky ones who had the most gold to fill their pockets and blouses and boots with dead weight. The Reds on ponies rode them down, shouting with laughter. They lurched and staggered like drunken men, and one sat down and pulled off his boot, and the coins sprayed out like yellow flame in the sunlight. The nearest Red gave a shout, and the man jumped up and ran, dot and go one, dot and go one, across the frozen stubble till his bare foot was bloody. The Reds laughed so much they missed every shot, and the man won on to a ditch at the edge of the wood and gathered himself for a leap, one leap to shelter, then stopped and jerked back and fell headlong as the bullet struck. The Reds rode on shouting with laughter.

THE girl watched it without sound, scarcely breathing. Was it real, or a nightmare of fear and wealth, a dream of longing for her lover and fear that he might die, might be killed in the war, might never come back? Days and nights of fear, weeks and months and years of fear, with the memory of her father's cold eyes and the fifty pieces of gold, the price he had set for her. "Bring them, Ivan Petrovich, and the girl is yours." No, it was not a dream and she could not wake.

He was not dead, the man in the ditch; he was crawling up to the wood. Slow as a snake with a broken back he wriggled out of the ditch and lay on the snow at the edge of the wood, and a small red stain spread out at his side. With an effort he caught at his boot and tugged at it, heel and toe, and off it came with its golden spray, and the man fell back and beat with his hands a moment or two and jerked like a frog, and lay still. So then she went home like one in a dream.

Two days later Ivan rode into the village with his Red detachment. "Kolchak is dead," they shouted. "They tried and shot him in Irkutsk, and the war is over."

Ivan came to claim his girl while her father was out at a meeting. (Do you remember that he was president of the village soviet?) "Have you brought the gold," she asked him, "the fifty pieces my father told you?" He laughed and said, "The war is over; there is no more use for gold in Russia." He was wrong, of course, twice wrong: the war was far from over, and gold is useful many years later, in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. She replied, smiling slyly, "Wilt thou steal me from my father? He's a hard man, but his heart is Red . . . and he is president of the soviet which your army is sworn to protect, Ivanusha my beloved." And Ivan cursed her father and cursed the village soviet, but he could not curse the oath he had sworn to the Red army.

"Of course I have no money," he shouted. "I shall take you without money." She smiled again and said, "There is no need, the debt is paid." Then she told him of the gold train, and the hunting and the slaughter, and the barefoot man who gained the wood and died. "He was lying there next morning; there were fifty coins beside him, so cold they burned my fingers when I picked them off the snow. Just fifty and one great one, one strange one, which I kept. (See, it's here around my neck on Mother's chain, but now it's warm.) So I took the fifty pieces, golden pieces each of ten roubles, and gave them to my father in thy name. I gave him too thy message on the crumpled scrap of paper, 'I sEnd yoU thiS in ToKen oF The WorD yoU pLedGed mE iVAn PETrovicH.' Didst thou not also plight *me* troth, Ivanusha my beloved?"

SHE paused and sat smiling, her eyes aglow with remembrance. "What happened then?" I asked. "Did he marry you, or was he angry?" "Oh yes," she said, "he married me, and yes, indeed, he was angry. He married me the next day, and the next night took me away in a freight car, alone next night in a freight car, alone at last with my lover. And he beat me sorely for giving the money to my father, but it was his right and I knew that he loved me and was my husband. I bore his first child in that freight car and my screams were matched by the cries of wounded men. One died with a moan as the child left my body. This here is our seventh, brave and strong like his father: you saw how he yelled and kicked against my breast." She patted the sleeping babe and closed her eyes.

"What of it if you did get a picture of your toe in the Medical Journal!" *George Shellhase*

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The Idyll of Miss Sarah Brown

Continued from page 8

claim the mission workers come out too early to catch any sinners on this part of Broadway. At such an hour the sinners are still in bed resting up from their sinning of the night before, so they will be in good shape for more sinning a little later on.

There are only four of these mission workers, and two of them are old guys, and one is an old doll, while the other is a young doll who is tootling on a cornet. And after a couple of ganders at this young doll, The Sky is a goner, for this is one of the most beautiful young dolls anybody ever sees on Broadway, and especially as a mission worker. Her name is Miss Sarah Brown.

She is tall, and thin, and has a first-class shape, and her hair is a light brown, going on blond, and her eyes are like I do not know what, except that they are one-hundred-per-cent eyes in every respect. Furthermore, she is not a bad cornet player, if you like cornet players, although at this spot on Broadway she has to play against a scat band in a chop-suey joint near by, and this is tough competition, although at that many citizens believe Miss Sarah Brown will win by a large score if she only gets a little more support from one of the old guys with her who has a big bass drum, but does not pound it hearty enough.

WELL, The Sky stands there listening to Miss Sarah Brown tootling on the cornet for quite a spell, and then he hears her make a speech in which she puts the blast on sin very good, and boosts religion quite some, and says if there are any souls around that need saving the owners of same may step forward at once. But no one steps forward, so The Sky comes over to Mindy's restaurant where many citizens are congregated, and starts telling us about Miss Sarah Brown. But of course we already know about Miss Sarah Brown, because she is so beautiful, and so good.

Furthermore, everybody feels somewhat sorry for Miss Sarah Brown, for while she is always tootling the cornet, and making speeches, and looking to save any souls that need saving, she never seems to find any souls to save, or at least her bunch of mission workers never gets any bigger. In fact, it gets smaller, as she starts out with a guy who plays a very fair sort of trombone, but this guy takes it on the lam one night with the trombone, which one and all consider a dirty trick.

Now from this time on, The Sky does not take any interest in anything but Miss Sarah Brown, and any night she is out on the corner with the other mission workers, you will see The Sky standing around looking at her, and naturally after a few weeks of this, Miss Sarah Brown must know The Sky is looking at her, or she is dumber than seems possible. And nobody ever figures Miss Sarah Brown dumb, as she is always on her toes, and seems plenty able to take care of herself, even on Broadway.

Sometimes after the street meeting is over, The Sky follows the mission workers to their headquarters in an old storeroom around in Forty-eighth Street where they generally hold an indoor session, and I hear The Sky drops many a large coarse note in the collection box while looking at Miss Sarah Brown, and there is no doubt these notes come in handy around the mission, as I hear business is by no means so good there.

It is called the Save-a-Soul Mission, and it is run mainly by Miss Sarah Brown's grandfather, an old guy with whiskers by the name of Arvide Abernathy, but Miss Sarah Brown seems to do most of the work, including tootling the cornet, and visiting the poor people around and about, and all this and that, and many citizens claim it is a great shame that such a beautiful doll is wasting her time being good.

How The Sky ever becomes acquainted with Miss Sarah Brown is a very great mystery, but the next thing anybody knows, he is saying hello to her, and she is smiling at him out of her one-hundred-per-cent eyes, and one evening when I happen to be with The Sky we run into her walking along Forty-ninth Street, and The Sky hauls off and stops her, and says it is a nice evening, which it is, at that. Then The Sky says to Miss Sarah Brown like this:

"Well," The Sky says, "how is the mission dodge going these days? Are you saving any souls?" he says.

Well, it seems from what Miss Sarah Brown says the soul-saving is very slow, indeed, these days.

"In fact," Miss Sarah Brown says, "I worry greatly about how few souls we seem to save. Sometimes I wonder if we are lacking in grace."

She goes on up the street, and The Sky stands looking after her, and he says to me like this:

"I wish I can think of some way to help this little doll," he says, "especially," he says, "in saving a few souls to build up her mob at the mission. I must speak to her again, and see if I can figure something out."

But The Sky does not get to speak to Miss Sarah Brown again, because somebody weighs in the sacks on him by telling her he is nothing but a professional gambler, and that he is a very undesirable character, and that his only interest in hanging around the mission is because she is a good-looking doll. So all of a sudden Miss Sarah Brown plays plenty of chill for The Sky. Furthermore, she sends him word that she does not care to accept any more of his potatoes in the collection box, because his potatoes are nothing but ill-gotten gains.

Well, naturally, this hurts The Sky's feelings no little, so he quits standing around looking at Miss Sarah Brown, and going to the mission, and takes to mingling again with the citizens in Mindy's, and showing some interest in the affairs of the community, especially the crap games.

OF COURSE the crap games that are going on at this time are nothing much, because practically everybody in the world is broke, but there is a head-and-head game run by Nathan Detroit over a garage in Fifty-second Street where there is occasionally some action, and who shows up at this crap game early one evening but The Sky, although it seems he shows up there more to find company than anything else.

In fact, he only stands around watching the play, and talking with other guys who are also standing around and watching, and many of these guys are very high shots during the gold rush, although most of them are now as clean as a jaybird, and maybe cleaner. One of these guys is a guy by the name of Brandy Bottle Bates, who is known from coast to coast as a high player when he has anything to play with, and who is called Brandy Bottle Bates because it seems that years ago he is a great hand for belting a brandy bottle around.

This Brandy Bottle Bates is a big, black-looking guy, with a large beezer, and a head shaped like a pear, and he is considered a very immoral and wicked character, but he is a pretty slick gambler, and a fast man with a dollar when he is in the money.

Well, finally The Sky asks Brandy Bottle why he is not playing and Brandy laughs, and states as follows:

"Why," he says, "in the first place I have no potatoes, and in the second place I doubt if it will do me much good if I do have any potatoes the way I am going the past year. Why," Brandy Bottle says, "I cannot win a bet to save my soul."

NOW this crack seems to give The Sky an idea, as he stands looking at Brandy Bottle very strangely, and while he is looking, Big Nig, the crap shooter, picks up the dice and hits three times hand-running, bing, bing, bing. Then Big Nig comes out on a six and Brandy Bottle Bates speaks as follows:

"You see how my luck is," he says. "Here is Big Nig hotter than a stove, and here I am without a bob to follow him with, especially," Brandy says, "when he is looking for nothing but a six. Why," he says, "Nig can make sixes all night when he is hot. If he does not make this six, the way he is, I will be willing to turn square and quit gambling forever."

"Well, Brandy," The Sky says, "I will make you a proposition. I will lay you a G note Big Nig does not get his six. I will lay you a G note against nothing but your soul," he says. "I mean if Big Nig does not get his six, you are to turn square and join Miss Sarah Brown's mission for six months."

"Bet!" Brandy Bottle Bates says right away, meaning the proposition is on, although the chances are he does not quite understand the proposition. All Brandy understands is The Sky wishes to wager that Big Nig does not make his six, and Brandy Bottle Bates will be willing to bet his soul a couple of times over on Big Nig making his six, and figure he is getting the best of it, at that, as Brandy has great confidence in Nig.

Well, sure enough, Big Nig makes the six, so The Sky weeds Brandy Bottle Bates a G note, although everybody around is saying The Sky makes a terrible over-lay of the natural price in giving Brandy Bottle a G against his soul. Furthermore, everybody around figures the chances are The Sky only wishes to give Brandy an opportunity to get in action, and nobody figures The Sky is on the level about trying to win Brandy Bottle Bates' soul, especially as The Sky does not seem to wish to go any further after paying the bet.

He only stands there looking on and seeming somewhat depressed as Brandy Bottle goes into action on his own account with the G note, fading other guys around the table with cash money. But Brandy Bottle Bates seems to figure what is in The Sky's mind pretty well, because Brandy Bottle is a crafty old guy.

It finally comes his turn to handle the dice, and he hits a couple of times, and then he comes out on a four, and anybody will tell you that a four is a very tough point to make, even with a lead pencil. Then Brandy Bottle turns to The Sky and speaks to him as follows:

"Well, Sky," he says, "I will take the odds off you on this one. I know you do not want my dough," he says. "I know you only want my soul for Miss

(Continued on page 42)

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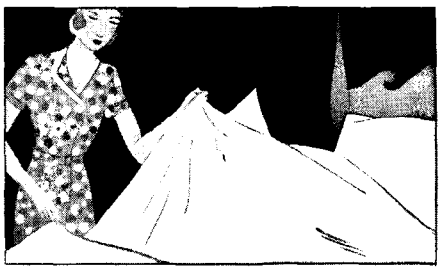

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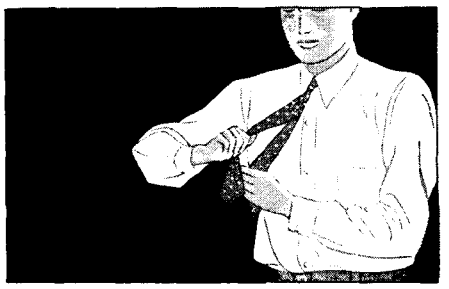

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BOBBY: I found it on all my playsuits and pajamas.
JANE: I'm wearing it in my middy blouse, too!

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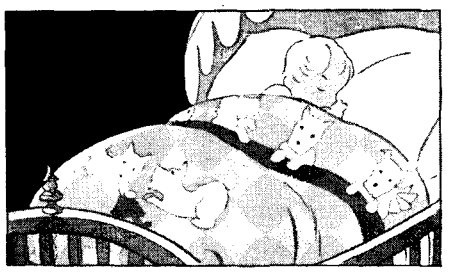

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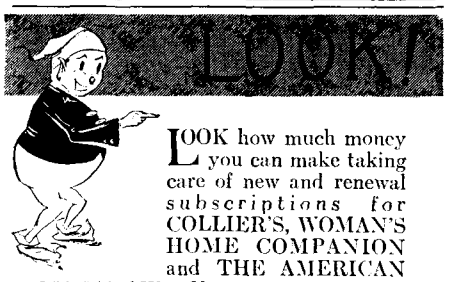

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(Continued from page 41)

Sarah Brown, and," he says, "without wishing to be fresh about it, I know why you want it for her. I am young once myself," Brandy Bottle says. "And you know if I lose to you, I will be over there in Forty-eighth Street in an hour pounding on the door, for Brandy always settles.

"But, Sky," he says, "now I am in the money, and my price goes up. Will you lay me ten G's against my soul I do not make this four?"

"Bet!" The Sky says, and right away Brandy Bottle hits with a four.

Well, when word goes around that The Sky is up at Nathan Detroit's crap game trying to win Brandy Bottle Bates' soul for Miss Sarah Brown, the excitement is practically intense. Somebody telephones Mindy's, where a large number of citizens are sitting around arguing about this and that, and telling one another how much they will bet in support of their arguments, if only they have something to bet, and Mindy himself is almost killed in the rush for the door.

ONE of the first guys out of Mindy's and up to the crap game is Regret, the horse player, and as he comes in Brandy Bottle is looking for a nine, and The Sky is laying him twelve G's against his soul that he does not make this nine, for it seems Brandy Bottle's soul keeps getting more and more expensive.

Well, Regret wishes to bet his soul against a G that Brandy Bottle gets his nine, and is greatly insulted when The Sky cannot figure his price any better than a double saw, but finally Regret accepts this price, and Brandy Bottle hits again.

Now many other citizens request a little action from The Sky, and if there is one thing The Sky cannot deny a citizen it is action, so he says he will lay them according to how he figures their word to join Miss Sarah Brown's mission if Brandy Bottle misses out, but about this time The Sky finds he has no more potatoes on him, being now around thirty-five G's loser, and he wishes to give markers.

But Brandy Bottle says that while ordinarily he will be pleased to extend The Sky this accommodation, he does not care to accept markers against his soul, so then The Sky has to leave the joint and go over to his hotel two or three blocks away, and get the night clerk to open his damper so The Sky can get the rest of his bank roll. In the meantime the crap game continues at Nathan Detroit's among the small operators, while the other citizens stand around and say that while they hear of many a daffy proposition in their time, this is the daffiest that ever comes to their attention, although Big Nig claims he hears of a daffier one, but cannot think what it is.

Big Nig claims that all gamblers are daffy anyway, and in fact he says if they are not daffy they will not be gamblers, and while he is arguing this matter back comes The Sky with fresh scratch, and Brandy Bottle Bates takes up where he leaves off, although Brandy says he is accepting the worst of it, as the dice have a chance to cool off.

Now the upshot of the whole business is that Brandy Bottle hits thirteen licks in a row, and the last lick he makes is on a ten, and it is for twenty G's against his soul, with about a dozen other citizens getting anywhere from one to five C's against their souls, and complaining bitterly of the price.

And as Brandy Bottle makes his ten, I happen to look at The Sky and I see him watching Brandy with a very peculiar expression on his face, and furthermore I see The Sky's right hand creeping inside his coat where I know he always packs a Betsy in a shoulder holster, so I can see something is wrong somewhere.

But before I can figure out what it is, there is quite a fuss at the door, and loud talking, and a doll's voice, and all of a sudden in bobs nobody else but Miss Sarah Brown. It is plain to be seen that she is all steamed up about something.

She marches right up to the crap table where Brandy Bottle Bates and The Sky and the other citizens are standing, and one and all are feeling sorry for Dobber, the doorman, thinking of what Nathan Detroit is bound to say to him for letting her in. The dice are still lying on the table showing Brandy Bottle Bates' last throw, which cleans The Sky and gives many citizens the first means they enjoy in several months.

Well, Miss Sarah Brown looks at The Sky, and The Sky looks at Miss Sarah Brown, and Miss Sarah Brown looks at the citizens around and about, and one and all are somewhat dumfounded, and nobody seems to be able to think of much to say, although The Sky finally speaks up as follows:

"Good evening," The Sky says. "It is a nice evening," he says. "I am trying to win a few souls for you around here, but," he says, "I seem to be about half out of luck."

"Well," Miss Sarah Brown says, looking at The Sky most severely out of her hundred-per-cent eyes, "you are taking too much upon yourself. I can win any souls I need myself. You better be thinking of your own soul. By the way," she says, "are you risking your own soul, or just your money?"

Well, of course up to this time The Sky is not risking anything but his potatoes, so he only shakes his head to Miss Sarah Brown's question, and looks somewhat disorganized.

"I know something about gambling," Miss Sarah Brown says, "especially about crap games. I ought to," she says. "It ruins my poor papa and my brother Joe. If you wish to gamble for souls, Mister Sky, gamble for your own soul."

Now Miss Sarah Brown opens a small black leather pocketbook she is carrying in one hand, and pulls out a two-dollar bill, and it is such a two-dollar bill as seems to have seen much service in its time, and holding up this deuce, Miss Sarah Brown speaks as follows:

"I will gamble with you, Mister Sky," she says. "I will gamble with you," she says, "on the same terms you gamble with these parties here. This two dollars against your soul, Mister Sky. It is all I have, but," she says, "it is more than your soul is worth."

WELL, of course anybody can see that Miss Sarah Brown is doing this because she is very angry, and wishes to make The Sky look small, but right away The Sky's duke comes from inside his coat, and he picks up the dice and hands them to her and speaks as follows:

"Roll them," The Sky says, and Miss Sarah Brown snatches the dice out of his hand and gives them a quick sling on the table in such a way that anybody can see she is not a professional crap shooter, and not even an amateur crap shooter, for all amateur crap shooters first breathe on the dice, and rattle them good, and make remarks to them, such as "Come on, baby!"

In fact, there is some criticism of Miss Sarah Brown afterwards on account of her haste, as many citizens are eager to string with her to hit, while others are just as anxious to bet she misses, and she does not give them a chance to get down.

Well, Scranton Slim is the stick guy, and he takes a gander at the dice as they hit up against the side of the table and bounce back, and then Slim hollers, "Winner, winner, winner," as stick guys love to do, and what is showing on the dice as big as life, but a six and a five, which makes eleven, no matter how you figure, so The Sky's soul belongs to Miss Sarah Brown.

She turns at once and pushes through the citizens around the table without even waiting to pick up the deuce she lays down when she grabs the dice. Afterwards a most obnoxious character by the name of Red Nose Regan tries to claim the deuce as a sleeper and gets the heave-o from Nathan Detroit, who becomes very indignant about this, stating that Red Nose is trying to give his joint a wrong rap.

NATURALLY, The Sky follows Miss Brown, and Dobber, the doorman, tells me that as they are waiting for him to unlock the door and let them out, Miss Sarah Brown turns on The Sky and speaks to him as follows:

"You are a fool," Miss Sarah Brown says.

Well, at this Dobber figures The Sky is bound to let one go, as this seems to be most insulting language, but instead of letting one go, The Sky only smiles at Miss Sarah Brown and says to her like this:

"Why," The Sky says, "Paul says 'If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise.' I love you, Miss Sarah Brown," The Sky says.

Well, now, Dobber has a pretty fair sort of memory, and he says that Miss Sarah Brown tells The Sky that since he seems to know so much about the Bible, maybe he remembers the second verse of the Song of Solomon, but the chances are Dobber muffs the number of the verse, because I look the matter up in one of these Gideon Bibles, and the verse seems a little too much for Miss Sarah Brown, although of course you never can tell.

Anyway, this is about all there is to the story, except that Brandy Bottle Bates slides out during the confusion so quietly even Dobber scarcely remembers letting him out, and he takes most of The Sky's potatoes with him, but he soon gets batted in against the faro bank out in Chicago, and the last anybody hears of him he gets religion all over again, and is preaching out in San Jose, so The Sky always claims he beats Brandy for his soul, at that.

I see The Sky the other night at Forty-ninth Street and Broadway, and he is with quite a raft of mission workers, including Mrs. Sky, for it seems that the soul-saving business picks up wonderfully, and The Sky is giving a big bass drum such a first-class whacking that the scat band in the chop-suey joint can scarcely be heard. Furthermore, The Sky is hollering between whacks, and I never see a guy look happier, especially when Mrs. Sky smiles at him out of her hundred-percent eyes. But I do not linger long, because The Sky gets a gander at me, and right away he begins hollering:

"I see before me a sinner of deepest dye," he hollers. "Oh, sinner, repent before it is too late. Join with us, sinner," he hollers, "and let us save your soul."

Naturally, this crack about me being a sinner embarrasses me no little, as it is by no means true, and it is a good thing for The Sky there is no copper in me, or I will go to Mrs. Sky, who is always bragging about how she wins The Sky's soul by outplaying him at his own game, and tell her the truth.

And the truth is that the dice with which she wins The Sky's soul, and which are the same dice with which Brandy Bottle Bates wins all his potatoes, are strictly phony, and that she gets into Nathan Detroit's just in time to keep The Sky from killing old Brandy Bottle.

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Amateur Bride

Continued from page 19

unchanged or did the vase symbolize the passing of his lifelong indecision? She was not left long in doubt; he telephoned on the following day.

"Do you mind my calling you up?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Have you forgiven me?"

"Long ago."

"I'd like to explain—to tell you how it happened."

"That's not at all necessary. I know why and how already."

"That means you don't want to see me, and I don't blame you."

"Not at all, Henry. I'll see you any afternoon you like."

"Where?"

"That's a strange question. Here, of course."

"Today?"

"Let me think. Yes; at five."

HE ARRIVED prompt on the hour, as a lover should. He was handsomer than she remembered, even after so brief an interval as three months. There was the air of finish about him that distinguishes the child of fortune to the manner born from all others. Yet she felt no thrill, no return of that breathless emotion he had awakened on the night of her coming-out and which had lived by its own momentum for nine years. It puzzled her that in his presence she should find herself actually cooler—at least less troubled—than she had ever been in that of John Wright.

"Well, Henry."

"Margaret! This is awfully good of you." Then he had walked around, sizing things up like a cat that must get acquainted with its surroundings before it can settle. "Not bad; surprisingly good when you come to think of it. Queer fish you've married. I couldn't believe it; I hardly believe it yet." He faced about, his expression abruptly changed. "Why did you do it?"

"What an idiotic question!" said Margaret. "Did you think I wouldn't answer it? Because I was tired of waiting for you to make up your mind."

"Margaret!"

"You said that before, when you first came in."

He stared at her, threw up his hands and let them fall. "Go ahead. Punish me as if I hadn't already had enough. I don't know you. You've been taking lessons."

"Lessons in what?"

"In hitting first and harder. It isn't fair. For three months I've been thinking of you night and day—never cursing you, only myself. The minute I heard what had happened I went mad—as near mad as anybody can go and stay out of a strait-jacket. You know what I did to your place. I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it. After I'd done it, I couldn't believe I had! Thank God, I had brains enough left to climb on a boat and go away."

"It was the most sensible thing you could have done."

"The only thing. And now I'm back—what there is of me. Then what happens? This man Wright—"

"You mean John, my husband?"

"Oh, all right. John Wright comes up to me and talks as if I'd been your most casual friend, as if—"

"I know. He told me."

"Well? Where am I?"

"I can't tell you, Henry, except to say that if you don't know yourself, then you haven't changed."

"Changed? Of course I've changed! You knew me; you could read every thought and action before I got to it myself! Tell me. Would I ever have sneaked into a man's house when I knew he was out of town to make love to his wife?"

"Is that what you came to do?"

"It's what I've been doing, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't have known it and I doubt if anybody but you could have guessed it. Why, you haven't kissed me, you haven't touched me, you haven't even taken my hand. It's like old times. Even as a lover you haven't changed in the slightest!"

Goaded beyond his self-control, he caught her wrist and lifted it as if he were undecided whether to cast her from him or draw her close. "You can't say a thing like that!" he whispered hoarsely. "You can't—it isn't you."

"But we weren't talking about me," said Margaret, smiling up into his tortured face; "we're talking about you. You were the one who came to make love. Let's see you do it. Put your arms around me. Kiss me. I wanted you to kiss me for years. Don't be afraid. Make love to me. Either that or confess that you don't know anything more about love or making love than you were allowed to know about making mud pies when you wore rompers."

He threw her hand from him, stepped back and sank into a chair. He stared at her, his eyes filled with the unmistakable glaze of suffering. "It's unbelievable! You're lovely—lovelier than you ever were before. You look soft, softer than any other woman on earth. You're the only woman I ever loved or ever will love. But I don't know you. I don't want to know you. Something has killed you. Perhaps you've killed yourself. If I could only think where to go—where to get away from you and from myself!"

"That's better, Henry," said Margaret, abruptly restored to her natural self, "much better. Now I'll tell you where you can go and what you can do. You can come here. You can see me whenever you like. There's no reason why you shouldn't, and I'll tell you why: Because you haven't changed."

"You mean it—that I can see you? Never mind about the rest."

She was at ease, thoroughly in control of the situation and herself. She smiled down at him. "As often as you like."

UPON returning from the two weeks' trip, which had grown to three, John Wright followed an ancient routine. He went first to his office and then to his club; presently he would go home. He was not dodging a meeting with Margaret so much as going through the process of readjusting his mind from the atmosphere of the top of the world to that of the lowlands of New York. It was almost six when Morton came into the Line and seemed startled at the sight of him, but almost immediately approached, touched him on the elbow and drew him aside.

"Could I see you for a minute?"

"Certainly," said Wright, hiding his surprise. "Where shall we go?"

"There's nobody in the visitors' waiting-room."

"All right." They went there. "What's on your mind, Morton?"

The two were still standing. Morton's eyes were feverishly bright and he had the appearance of bracing himself to speak. Wright's interest began to grow; he had seen men on the verge of a desperate action look like that.

"Plenty," said Morton. "In the first place I didn't want anybody else to tell you before I could do it myself that I've been going around with Margaret."

"Good for you!" said Wright, but there was no twinkle in his eyes. "Go on from there."

"I might start off by saying that if she was ever in love with me she certainly isn't now."

"Too bad," said Wright, still not sure of his ground.

Morton flushed. "Does it occur to you you're not being as straight with me as I am with you?"

Wright considered the point, and when he had weighed it, he smiled. "That's true, but doesn't it occur to you that you've had a lot more time to think over what you were going to say than you have given me?"

Morton's eyes grew somber. "You've said it. Yes, a lot more time. Less than three weeks, but it seems like a year." His eyes wandered and came back. "Wright, I'm in hell. I loathe myself—what I was and what I am now—but I can't do anything about it. To be ridiculous when you're unconscious of it is one thing, but to know you're making a show of yourself and not be able to stop is another."

"Why? What's up?" asked Wright, actually feeling a twinge of sympathy. "If Margaret really doesn't care a rap about you," he continued, frowning, "where's the harm? Besides, perhaps she's simply getting a lot of fun out of paying you back in your own coin."

"No; I thought of that. Of course, it would put a different face on the whole thing. But no. She's always been genuine and always will be. You needn't worry about her; she's all there. She isn't stringing me along; she really likes having me around and doesn't seem to give a rap who knows it—you included."

BY THIS time Wright's eyes had begun to twinkle. Here was a situation after his own heart: the pontifex maximus of the college of manners, fashion and breeding bending low to a human urge and seeking help where he had least right to find it.

"Since I needn't worry about her," he said more lightly than he yet had spoken, "what's the idea? Do you want me to worry about you?"

"No," said Morton. He seemed to make an effort at concentration. "My idea," he said, his face clearing, "was to be the first to tell you what I've already told you. But there's one thing more: I'm in love with your wife."

Wright threw back his head and laughed. "On the chin!" he chuckled. "Who would have thought it! What's your first name? Henry? I'll say this for your outfit: nobody can ever tell when or where they will show guts." He thrust his arm through Morton's and urged him toward the door. "Come along, Henry, let's get our things and go."

"Where?"

"To have a drink with Margaret."

"Oh, no!" said Morton, recoiling.

"Oh, yes," said Wright.

Lila McKim was in the living-room with Margaret when they arrived, but Wright saw only his wife—at least, he beheld the never-tiring spectacle of Margaret's freshness and peculiar beauty. Ignoring the puzzled look in her eyes at sight of his companion he escorted Morton into the room.

"Well, Margaret, here's Henry Morton. I forgot to bring you a been-away present, so I picked him up at the club."

"Hello, Henry," said Margaret, extending her hand sideways. "John, you haven't spoken to Lila."

(Continued on page 44)

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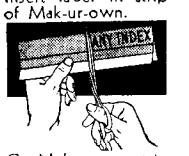

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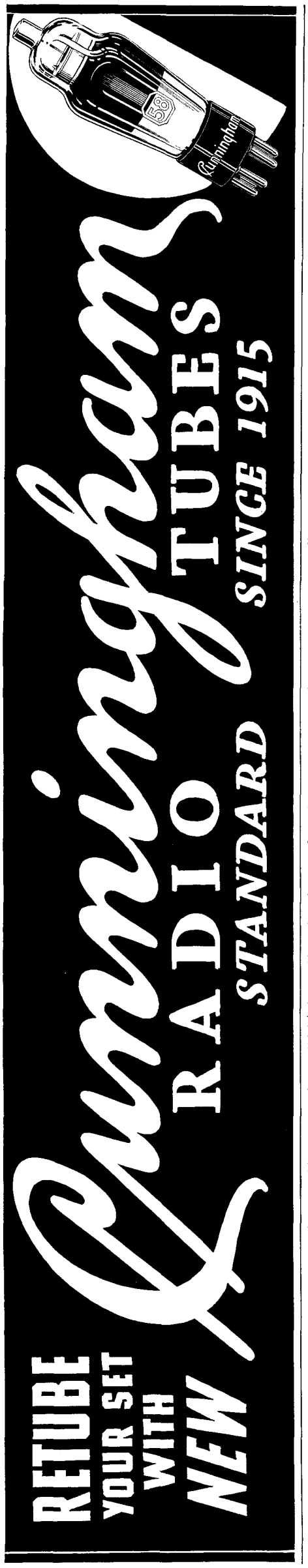

(Continued from page 43)

"Why, Lila!" exclaimed Wright. "Every time I look at you I realize I've never seen anything like you before!"

Lila laughed. "That tongue of yours never forgets to cut two ways at once, does it?"

"Ask them both to stay for dinner, Margaret," suggested Wright. "We can have a *partie carrée* and afterward the three of you can try to wean me from poker to contract."

But both Morton and Lila had better sense; they finished their drinks and went. In her quiet way Margaret was angry and disappointed; once more she had set the stage only to have John run away with the play. She examined him with smoldering eyes. The trip had done him good. Though his big frame was leaner than ever, there was a freshness underneath his wind-born tan that seemed to have smoothed the worry out of his face and the anxiety from his eyes. He was untroubled, strong, but somehow distant.

"You're looking very well, John." She forced herself to add, "It's good to have you back."

"Why?"

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly that—why?"

"Well, since you really want an answer, I'll tell you," she said deliberately: "Not because absence did anything to my heart, but because the moment you came into the room I realized for the hundredth time that I don't know you." From being smoky, her eyes abruptly flamed. "Why did you bring Henry Morton with you? As a screen?"

"A screen!" muttered Wright, puzzled. "What for—a screen?" His eyes narrowed. "So that's it! No, my dear, I haven't been naughty—not even once. I've been doing something you know nothing about, even by hearsay from your friends. I've been working. If you want to know the low-down, I brought Henry with me simply because he'd been coming here so much alone."

Margaret lifted her head sharply. "You are well informed—and so promptly! Who told you?"

"Henry," said Wright. "Who else could have told me? You don't think—"

"No, no; of course not," she interrupted. "I'm glad he told you. But in a way I'm disappointed, because I was rather looking forward to doing it myself."

"Make your mind easy," said Wright. "I'm sure you couldn't have done any better by yourself. The way he put it, you're not at all in love with him, but he's sunk to the eyes in love with you."

"So that's why you brought him around!" she exclaimed with a feigned air of discovery.

"Yes," said Wright with emphasis, his temper beginning to rise. "What else could I have done? What would you have done in my place?"

SHE made a falling gesture with one hand. "You're right, I suppose—you're always right. While we're on the subject we might as well finish it off. Have you any objection at all to my seeing him? I wish you'd tell me frankly."

"None; quite the opposite. Why should I have? You're my wife, aren't you?"

"Am I?"

He was confused by the twist she had given to his words. His eyes shifted. "You know what I mean. You're Mrs. John Wright, and as long as that holds, you can play around with as many Mortons as you like."

She eyed him speculatively. "You have some antediluvian ideas, John, and I warn you that's one of them. If I were a man, and in love with my wife, she would play with nobody but me."

He looked at her blankly, as if he were miles away. "Yes, that would be fine. But I don't know how to play with you and he does."

As a matter of fact his attention was divided. It was concerned with Margaret, but only by indirection. He was thinking the cards were stacked against him. For weeks to come his office life was bound to be a continuing strain, since the secret securing of titles to adjacent territory by a mine such as the Dos Picos is an operation more delicate than any known to diplomacy. Technically the negotiation was not up to him, but he knew that by far its greatest weight was bound to fall on his capable shoulders. Then what of his home life? A man can't fight major engagements, front and rear, and do justice to both battles. Again he was being punished for going back on a hunch. Who had forced him to it? Margaret. He had told her how it would be; she had said it was nonsense.

DURING the days that followed, in a sort of desperation, he hurled Morton at her without appearing to do so. He dragged him in by subterfuges too clever for discovery and left him under her feet where she had either to stumble on him or pick him up. Since Wright was himself confused, she was bound to be also. She read motive into actions which contained none, and that is the most fatal of all wrong leads. From being puzzled she passed to suspicion and from suspicion to recrimination. John Wright, the lion, harassed by spears in front, found himself being stung by gnats from behind.

In this mood the juxtaposition of Morton with himself could not fail to show him up in the worst possible light. Tired with the day's work; cut off from utilizing the apartment as a safe, secret and comfortable hide-out; resentful of the washed and pomaded leisure of others, he made a great mistake. Against the soft weave of the background of Margaret, Morton and their surroundings, he vaunted the ideals of the hirsute chest and established himself in ever-increasing relief as the apostle of manhood in the terms of sweat. Staring at him, Margaret would sometimes wonder how she could ever have uttered the toast of their wedding night: "You have your moments of magnificence; this is one of them."

Instead she found herself saying, not for the first time: "Aren't you going to dress, John?"

"No; I'm too tired. Why should I?"

"It's our night at the opera."

"What's playing?"

"Tristan."

"The inventor of boom-boom and boom! Noisy. Do me a favor, will you? Call up Henry. He was taught as a kid to root for Wagner and nobody has told him he can stop."

At the telephone Margaret felt hypocritical, knowing that Morton was waiting on the chance that she might call him. Wright watched her move about out of eyes that seemed detached from his person. They could look at her or turn to look at himself, and the violence of the contrast gave him a sort of thrill. Her frock was extreme. It showed all of her neck and most of her back. There was nothing virginal about her body now. Her neck was firm and rounded; the hollows above her collar bones were all but gone. These things should have suggested a roundness, and perhaps they did to others, but to him she was always pastel or profile. Only when she moved did she come to life, and that went for any movement at all—the raising of an eyebrow, the curving of her lip or the most characteristic of her gestures, a falling hand. When she walked, her carriage and the excellent proportions of her figure made her seem taller than she was. He rejoiced in her from afar as in a dignified possession.

HENRY was at home and was delighted that he was free to take Margaret to the opera. He would not try to come for dinner; he would have a bite in his own apartment and perhaps get over in time for coffee. Margaret and John went in to table alone, she resplendent, and he in the clothes he had worn all day. His hands and his person were clean enough, he had probably freshened up at the club; but the edge of his cuffs betrayed him. There were silences both when Robert was in the room and when he was out. Margaret, not imagining that Wright was profoundly content with silence, was the first to speak:

"John, do you think this can go on forever?"

"What?" he asked as though awakening from a doze.

"What we're doing. The way we're living. Everything. Henry, for instance."

"That's a tall order," John said, more jovially than he had spoken for many a day. "Let's begin at the beginning: What's the matter with what we're doing? Isn't the dinner all right?"

"That goes without saying," she an-

"The papers would like to know your views on this country, Lord Burton." "Certainly. What country is this?" *Whitney Darrow, Jr.*

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swered, "but would it matter if it weren't? I mean, if everything else were all right, would food count one way or the other?"

"It would," said John. "Indigestion has destroyed more happiness than any other form of grief. That's that, and now what's the matter with the way we're living? Warmth, a tight roof over our heads and plenty to wear."

She saw her opening and took it: "In the closet."

"Eh?"

"What good do clothes do you if you don't wear them? What's the difference between a man with one shirt and the man with a thousand who wears only one?"

HE GLANCED down at his wrists and flushed. "So that's it, is it? You're quite right, Margaret; you have a right to be sore. Have you ever been bone-tired?"

"I've been tired many a time; sometimes I've felt I could drop in my tracks."

"Nerves," said Wright. "Bone-tired is different. Bone-tired starts in with the marrow and works out through the finger nails and the brain. Now we come to everything—can everything go on forever? The answer to that is yes. It can because it always has. There's no end to the chapter, only in books. There are no chapters, only the book itself."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Margaret.

"Neither do I," said John. "Let's get back to something concrete—Henry, for instance. What's the matter with Henry?"

"From my point of view, nothing," said Margaret, "but from his it may be different; I really don't know. He has a way of containing himself for long stretches at a time. Do you remember the first night you and I met?"

A queer light shot across John's eyes. "Every minute of it. What's that got to do with Henry?"

"Only this, that you started in by making me conspicuous and now you're doing it again. You're supplying my world with a big spoon and more talk in one dish than they've had for years. That doesn't worry me particularly, not as far as I myself am concerned. I know that outside talk can't reach you, and if it did, you'd shake it off with a laugh. It's something else."

"What?"

"The workings of your mind. Do you think you are being fair?"

"To whom?"

"To yourself first of all, to Henry next, and finally to me. What picture do you make of Henry? I confess I've been curious."

Wright's eyes smiled. "You've given me the keyword—picture. You've named him. That's what he is, a picture of a man. Handsome, finished, varnished and hung on a peg. The name of the peg is indecision, and he can never get off it. When a storm comes up, and the wind blows hard enough, I'll admit he flutters; he can even make a noise by banging against the wall. That's what he did when he told me he loved you, and he may do it again from time to time. But it will always be so far and no farther with him. If you don't believe me, try it out for yourself. Ask him to make love to you. Ask him, and see how far you'll get."

"Oh!" exclaimed Margaret in a low tone.

"There, there, now," said Wright, bantering and reassuring. "You give me a laugh. You can still be shocked? But you needn't take it too hard. You don't have to vamp him; I just said you might try. Also I wasn't trying to throw mud on your friend Henry. As a matter of fact, he's the most perfect specimen of his kind I've ever seen. He's a prince in looks, manners and clothes. He knows exactly the right thing to say and when to say it. If there's anybody around with brains enough to hear him, he can talk intelligently on almost any subject under the sun. No, that's wrong—not under the sun, but under the ceilings of the civilized world. The sun is the one thing he knows nothing about."

Margaret put her elbows on the table and leaned forward. "That's all true, John," she said; "you're marvelous at picking people apart. But what you don't realize is that I too have lived under ceilings all my life. I don't see Henry in pieces, or blowing around by himself. He's not a picture; he's in a picture, and I'm part of the same picture myself. We talk the same language, we know the same people. We wear the same sort of clothes at the same time. We don't put them on—I mean we don't put any of these things on, clothes or anything else—we grew up in them."

Wright frowned. "What are you driving at? Are you going to tell me you're falling back into love with Henry?"

"No."

"Then what's the idea? Trying to scare me?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm doing. You've had flashes of intelligence before, a long time before, and I'm glad to catch sight of a spark. Where there's a spark the fire can't quite have gone out."

Wright's hands moved spasmodically and took a grip on the edge of the table. "You're a fine one to talk about fire," he said. "Stick to pictures. Some day I'll have time to tend to you, but not now—I'm too busy. Some day, by heaven, I will take you out to the Dos Picos. We'll lug along a couple of chairs and a desk and start a kindergarten for two with Meg sitting behind the desk. In the meantime let me have my head—God knows I need it! Play around. Go as far as you like. If you think you can scare me to death, try it. I'll take my chance. Between Henry and his peg, I'll bet on the peg every time."

"Mr. Morton," announced Robert.

HENRY came in, freshly ironed hat in hand, snakewood stick on his arm, muffler, coat, shoes, shirt, tie and face to match. Yet he did not suggest at all the model of the well-dressed man; he was rather what the well-dressed man strives to be and never quite is.

"What's that about me and my peg?" he asked.

"Bright boy!" said John. "You're right, we were discussing you—we were picking you to pieces. Margaret was worrying about the present situation. She says this threesome isn't fair to me, to you or to herself. She knows how she feels, I know how I feel, and now we two each know how the other feels. That leaves you out. How do you feel about it?"

"About what?" asked Morton, to gain time, glancing from Wright to Margaret and back again.

"About your part in the play. Is it fat enough, or isn't it? Are you happy in your lines, or aren't you? Speak up. Say anything you like."

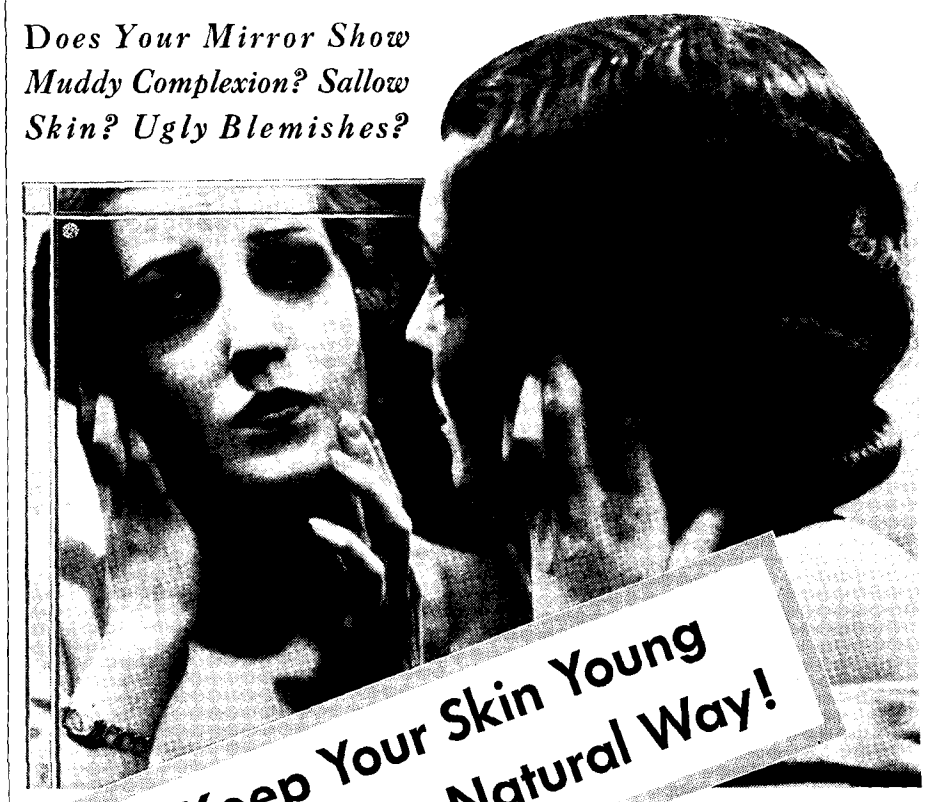
"All right," said Morton, "I will. I'm quite contented, quite happy, but there is one thing I can think of that would make me happier still."

"Come on, then," said Wright, "you know the formula: heels down, knees in and give your horse his head. In other words, spit it out."

Morton regarded him with faint distaste. "I'd be a lot happier," he said, "if you had on a clean shirt."

(To be continued next week)

Does Your Mirror Show Muddy Complexion? Sallow Skin? Ugly Blemishes?



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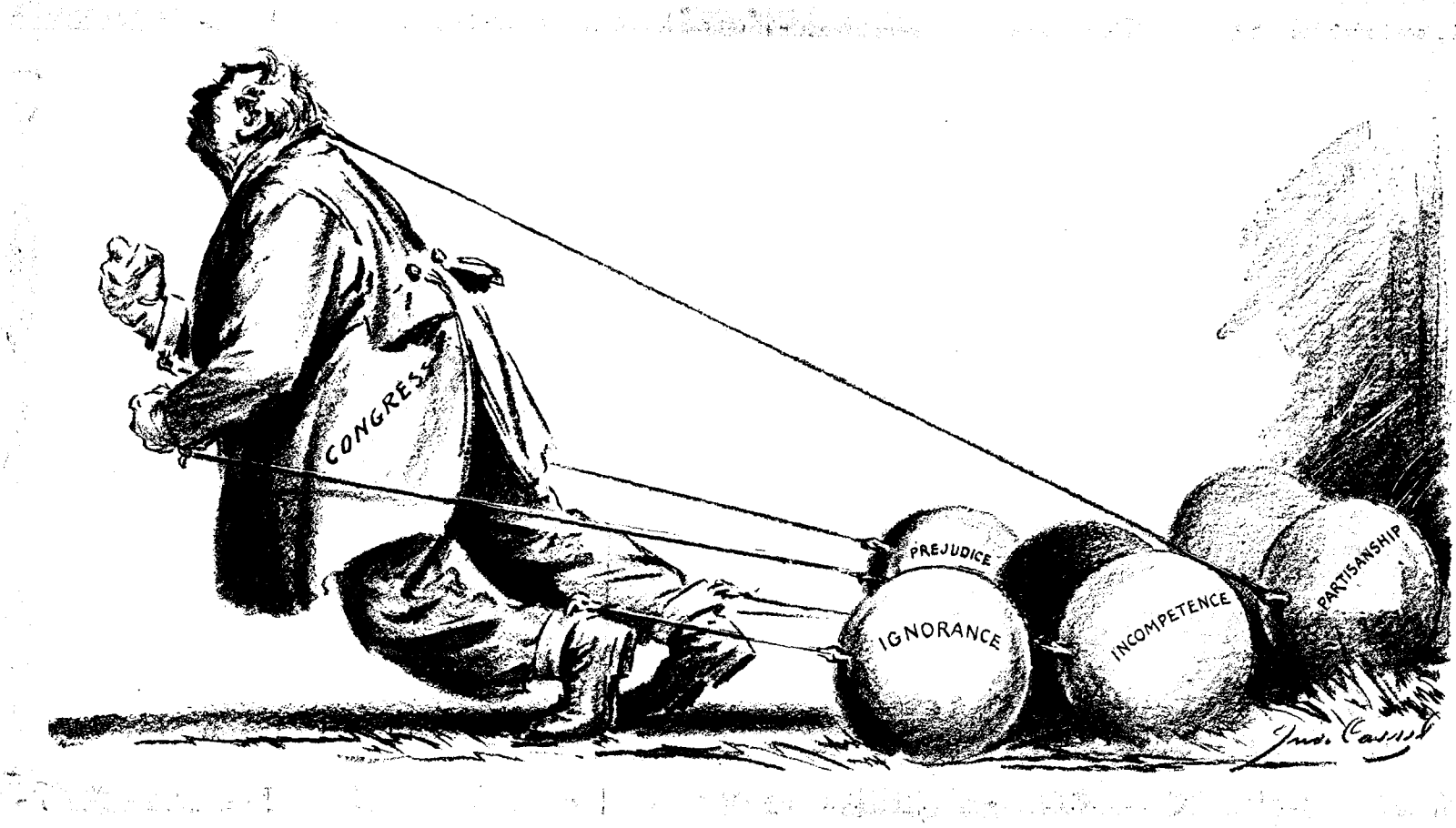

What's Wrong With Congress

THE fundamental lack of Congress is informed intelligence.

Congress must, under the Constitution, pass on matters which under its present organization it is incapable of understanding without great delay.

Five hundred and thirty-one men in the very nature of things can't think quickly or act expeditiously.

Congress, furthermore, has neglected to use the tools and the devices which would enable it to inform its members accurately and so lay the basis of swift and intelligent action. This is what is wrong with Congress.

A Mussolini, a Stalin, or any well-intrenched dictator can act instantly and compel obedience. If he is a wise dictator he can employ scholars and experts to gather his facts and formulate his policies. Napoleon knew the trick. So much of what he ordered done remains—including the famous Code Napoleon.

Congress has no dictators and few leaders. The will or the mind of no individual prevails. There are no more "Tom" Reeds or "Joe" Cannons to regiment the House. No Aldrich dominates the Senate. Instead of the tough-minded old reactionaries of a past generation, coteries and groups rule. Whatever is done is a compromise.

The old order won't return. The Speaker czars belong to a gone generation. In business, too, the ancient rule of the "iron men" has vanished. Modern problems call for new methods. Congress lags because it has not equipped itself to operate successfully in this new age.

Take, for example, prohibition and beer, upon which surprisingly early votes were obtained.

The necessity for wise action was obvious enough. William D. Mitchell, Attorney-General, a modest and conservative lawyer, had plainly pointed out the facts when in his annual report he said:

"If any changes are to be made in our national system of prohibition two things are obvious: First, the changes, if any, should be made as quickly as possible, and second, changes should be made through the amendment of the substantive law and not by leaving laws on the statute books and scuttling them by refusal to appropriate money for their enforcement. . . ."

Sounder advice could not have been given by legal counsel. It was not taken, not because individual congressmen and senators opposed quick action, but because Congress as a body is incapable of quick action.

Day after day congressmen debated decimal points in the alcoholic content of non-intoxicating beer. Public irritation grew, not because the beer bill was discussed, but because tedious talk prevented action on other equally important matters.

Unquestionably Congress had to set its seal upon any definition of non-intoxicating beer which is to be accepted as legal. Yet the question itself is technical. The average congressman and senator is no more capable of forming a reasonable opinion on this subject than he is of deciding when an operation should be made in a surgical case. Physiologists, and no one else, are qualified to measure the amount of alcohol necessary for intoxication.

Congress has the authority but it is no reflection upon congressmen to admit that they lack both the special training and the expert judgment to decide many of the most important issues before them.

The one device which characterizes our modern world is scientific research. Every great business uses research. No great business could survive without it.

Congress, however, tries to substitute the old-fashioned methods of earlier days. It cannot be successfully accomplished in this modern world.

Delay, interruption, irrelevant comment obstruct the conduct of business. Lacking any agreed body of facts, there is no common mind. Clashing personalities have to be subdued. Divergent interests must be reconciled. A long time is required before even the wrong course of action can be agreed upon.

Congress need surrender none of its privileges and rights in making use of the technical resources of this age to expedite its business. No congressman would lose anything in dignity and power by having at his disposal a competent digest of the significant facts and principles concerning the matters upon which he must vote and may speak.

Think of the years which might have been saved had Congress through a committee, or otherwise, employed well-trained technicians to assemble all the facts concerning the possible measures of farm relief. This surely was no task for jacks-of-all-trades!

Action on any matter of national importance can be quickened and made more useful by the simple device of research.

The Congress which first learns to adapt its procedure to the spirit of these times by utilizing the research method of impartial inquiry will be something new in the world. It will be acclaimed everywhere by a grateful people.

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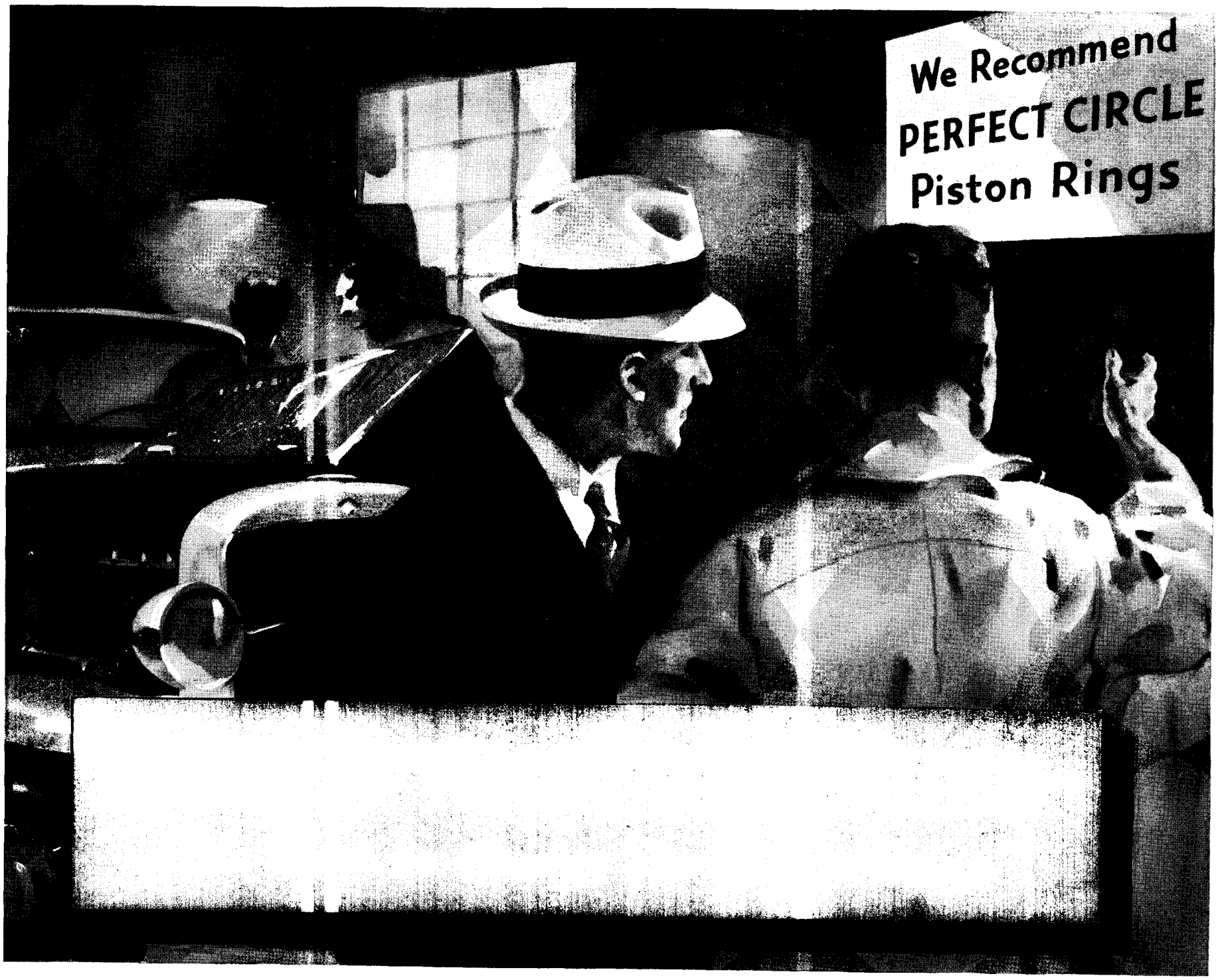

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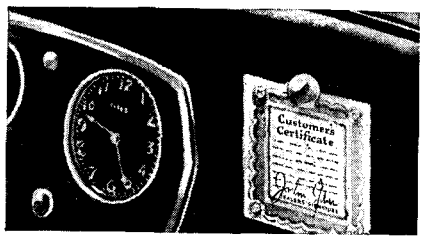

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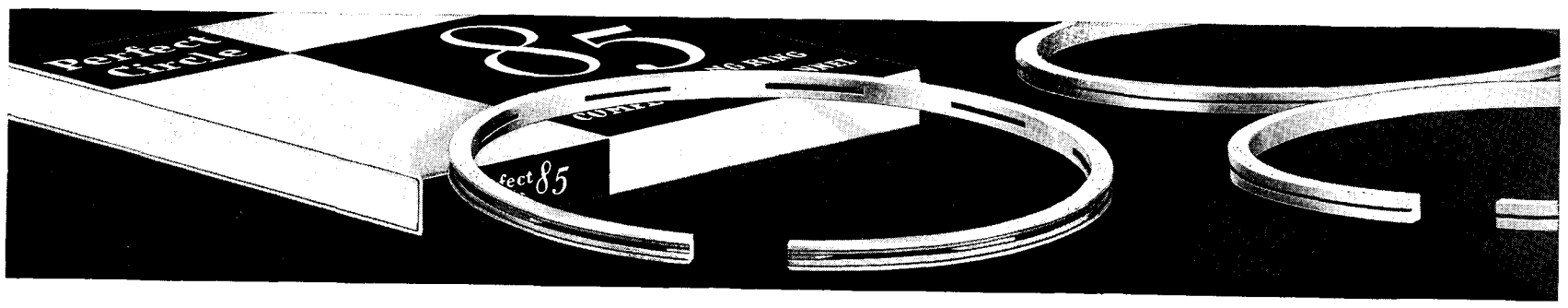

Piston Rings

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I really don't know if I should smoke . . .

. . . but my brothers and my sweetheart smoke, and it does give me a lot of pleasure.

Women began to smoke, so they tell me, just about the time they began to vote, but that's hardly a reason for women smoking. I guess I just like to smoke, that's all.

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